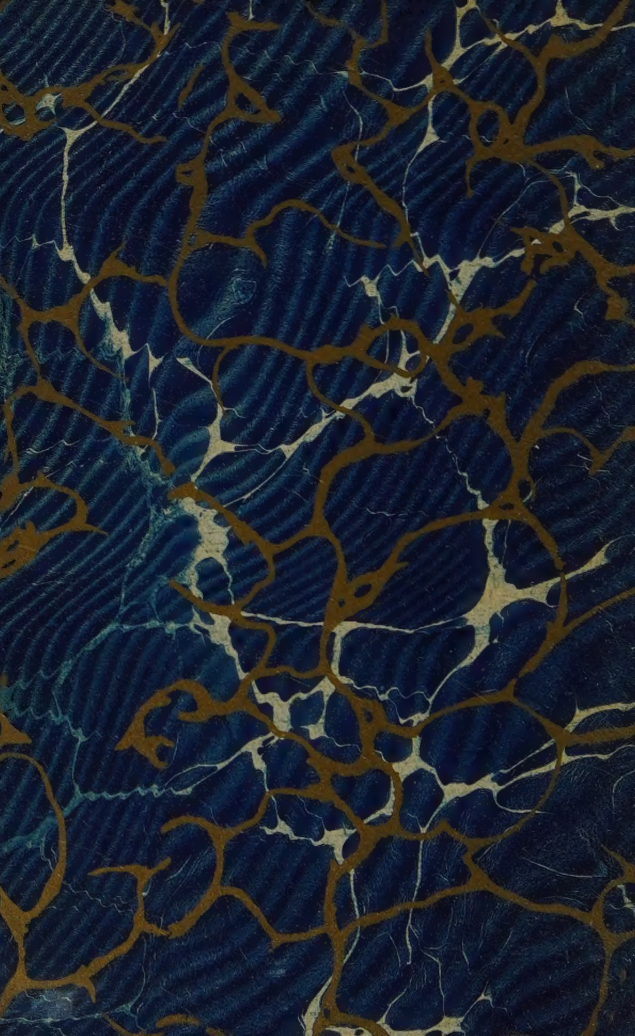
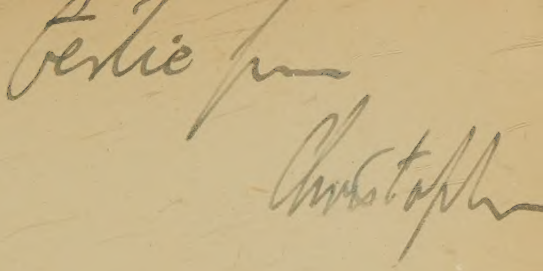
Odds and Ends





Odds and Ends.

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BY

WATSON SURR.

"Foolish old Odds and Foolish old Ends."

Thackeray's "Cane Bottomed Chair."

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1909.

Preface.

This little volume (the tenth of its series) is, like the previous ones, intended for the amusement of friends whose kindness will, it is hoped, enable them to overlook its deficiencies. Any pleasure it may give them will be a more than sufficient reward for the time and thought bestowed on its production.

The last three papers are due to other hands, and were written by the two contributors to the former volume, "Scraps." One is by the Anglo-American gentleman whose lively sketches of *al fresco* oratory

have proved so entertaining, and the others are from the pen of the accomplished lady whose first sprightly essay appeared in the little book called "Bubbles."

The present writer gratefully acknowledges the kind welcome his previous booklets have received at the hands of his friends.

WATSON SURR.

HORNSEY RISE,
Easter, 1909.

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Queen Victoria's Letters.

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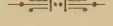

Among the many kind and valuable services which King Edward VII. has rendered to the nation, not the least valuable, and certainly the most interesting, is his gift to the public of a selection from the private correspondence of Queen Victoria. These delightful volumes are crammed full of interest from beginning to end. They not only afford us charming glimpses into the Queen's family and personal life, but also evince the possession on her part of far-seeing wisdom and high capacities of government exceeding probably those possessed by any *single* statesman upon whom Sovereign and Empire had to depend. Alas! in the case of how many popular and "distinguished" politicians do these memorials prove the truth of the Swedish statesman's adage—"See with how little wisdom the world is governed!"

Let us now take a few dips into these fascinating volumes. They will be taken almost at random, and just here and there, but as far as possible with some slight attempt at continuity.

Early Married Life.

Of Queen Victoria's own simple and affectionate disposition these letters afford abundant proof, if indeed any were required by the nation which knew her so long and loved her so well. Her correspondence with King Leopold of Belgium (whom she addresses as "Uncle," but who was really her cousin by marriage, although so much older in years) is always free, frank, and familiar, and the way in which she prattles to him about her engagement to Prince Albert is very pleasing to read. No couple in humble life can ever have been more devoted to each other than this royal pair, although it need scarcely be said that various delicate questions, calculated to create friction between persons less lovingly inclined, had to be settled before the exact status of the Prince was finally and firmly assured. But when those things were got over what a prudent and sagacious helpmeet he became! The "Memoranda" with which these volumes abound, and which are

indifferently ascribed to the Queen *or* Prince, were doubtless in later years the composition of the latter, subject, of course, to the approval of his august spouse, who was undoubtedly endowed by nature with a fairly strong will of her own.

Before the Queen's betrothal to Prince Albert there was in family and Government circles a natural anxiety as to her choice of a consort, or, perhaps more correctly, what consort should be chosen for her; for Royalty, alas! in this, the most important matter in life, has sometimes less freedom than the meanest of those subjects over whom it is called to rule. From a hint in one of the Queen's letters, and also from talk current at the time, it would appear that her name and that of her cousin, Prince George (known to us as Duke) of Cambridge, were sometimes linked together in public gossip, but the humorous reference to the question in a letter to Lord Melbourne seems to show that neither of the persons immediately concerned felt any enthusiasm on the subject. The Queen is speaking of congratulations received on her engagement to Prince Albert:

"The Queen just writes two lines to send Lord Melbourne the accompanying civil letter

from the Queen Dowager, and to give him an account of the visit of the Cambridges. They were all very kind and civil, George *grown but not embellished*, and much *less reserved* with the Queen and evidently happy *to be clear of me*."

Good old Duke of Cambridge! we all know how in matrimony he took his own simple, straightforward way, and got duly married to an accomplished English lady of his own choice. And although this marriage was not recognised by the law of England (but *only* by the law of God), it doubtless proved a far happier union than if it had been contracted with one of the most famous royal houses in existence. The frequenters of the Sunday services at the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital (of which the Duke was President) must often have been gratified on the occasion of his presence to see the respectful and affectionate attention paid to him by one or other of his stalwart sons, who themselves work industriously in the Public Service. For thirty-nine years the Duke himself was Commander-in-Chief, and, although it is said that his language at reviews and inspections occasionally bore some resemblance to that which we are told our army used "in Flanders," he left behind him the character

of a gallant soldier and a good, honest English gentleman.

The Queen's accession coincided with the extension of our railway system, and one or two references in the Queen's correspondence are rather amusing to read. In June, 1842, she writes from London :

"We arrived here yesterday morning, having come by the railroad from Windsor in half an hour, free from dust and crowd and heat, and I am quite charmed with it."

Upon this the Editors make the following note :

"This was the Queen's first journey on the Great Western Railway. The Prince had often used it, and had been known to say, on descending from the train, 'Not quite so fast next time, Mr. Conductor, if you please.'"

The Queen's love for dogs is well known ; the present writer distinctly remembers, when a child, flying for his life from a small but ferocious "black and tan" which, leaving the Queen's side during her walk in Windsor Park, made a sudden attack upon his fragile form and his then defenceless legs. The Queen smiled at his juvenile panic, and that was the first and last time he was ever

privileged to bask in what is called the sunshine of a royal smile.

The following extracts, relating to a favourite greyhound which was apparently shot, of course accidentally, by another member of the royal family, are at once pleasant and amusing to read. The first is from Lord Melbourne writing to the Queen, and is a specimen of the charming and familiar correspondence which that accomplished man kept up with the young Queen long after he had ceased to be her First Minister.

"Lord Melbourne was in despair at hearing of poor 'Eos.' Favourites often get shot: Lord Melbourne has known it happen often in his time. That is the worst of dogs; they add another strong interest to a life which has already of itself interests enough, and those, God knows! sufficiently subject both to accident and decay."

The foregoing words sound almost like an echo of those ascribed to Sir Walter Scott:

"The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?"

The Queen thus describes the aforesaid accident to her Uncle Leopold:

"You have heard our great misfortune about

dear 'Eos': she is going on well but slowly, and still makes us rather anxious. It made me quite ill the first day, and keeps me fidgety still, till we know that she is quite safe."

To which the King replies:

"I was extremely sorry to hear the accident which befell dear 'Eos,' a great friend of mine. I do not understand how your uncle managed it; he ought rather to have shot somebody else of the family." (Was this Leopold's fun?)

The Prince Consort's life during the early period of his residence here can, perhaps, scarcely be described as unmixedly comfortable; so many questions arising relative to Court etiquette, etc., which, although almost unmeaning to us happy commoners, were yet deemed of immense importance in what Jeames de la Pluche called the "hupper suckles." His position was a novel one, and he was a foreigner; some of his new surroundings would doubtless be sycophantic, more would be censorious, *all* would be watchful and critical. But it was not until fifteen years after his marriage to the Queen that anything like a popular feeling was sought to be raised against him. Oddly enough, this feeling was fed by the combined venom of extreme partisans, who are usually

considered wide as the poles asunder. In the Queen's own words, "The libels were chiefly to be found in those papers which represent ultra-Tory or extreme Radical opinions." Unnatural alliance at first sight! but how often true in fact. In her long reign the Queen heard some of the country gentlemen of England—"the backbone of the monarchy"—threaten revolution if the Corn Laws were repealed, and subsequently saw a scion of the aristocracy striving to inflame an Irish province into rebellion by the jingling menace, "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right!" Fanatics and extremists are the same all the world over, whether they wear coronets or corduroys, and should never be conceded to or run away from; the more they have the more they want, and either class is equally ready to bite the hand that caresses it. In Prince Albert's case the calumnies, ascribing to him unconstitutional interference in foreign affairs, were industriously circulated during the Parliamentary recess when no refutation could be given, and the victim himself was perforce silent; but they were dissipated when Parliament met, and an absolute contradiction given them by the leaders of both parties in the Houses of Lords and Commons.

It was some years previous to this that Prince Albert had given proof both of his political sagacity and freedom from undue ambition by declining what some unwise people had suggested his being offered, the high office of Commander-in-Chief; and the letter which he then addressed to the Duke of Wellington, refusing acceptance, is worthy of being reckoned among the best State Papers of Queen Victoria's reign. One of its paragraphs, defining his own position, deserves to be quoted in full:

"The position of Prince Consort is a most peculiar and delicate one. It requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself—should shun all ostentation—assume no separate responsibility before the public, but make his position entirely a part of hers: fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions; continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal."

It was on a dreary December day in 1861

that Prince Albert departed this life to the irreparable loss of his wife and family. Even the State could ill spare him, and his bereaved widow keenly felt for many years the removal from her side of one who was not only a good husband and father, but a trusty and sagacious adviser. Within a few months of his death there was opened in Hyde Park the great Exhibition of 1862, of which he had been the leading promoter. Of this Exhibition the present writer has very pleasant recollections. True, there was no flip-flap: true, no gigantic switchback, no side-shows at sixpence each, no rick-shaws, and, worst of all (and this a *real* drawback), few great Colonial exhibits: but for all that it was a noble show, and brought together between six and seven millions of people of every nationality, and *that* at a time when the cost of travel from all parts was, perhaps, three times as much as to-day. The bereaved Queen was allowed a certain time to indulge her grief, and then Detraction again reared its reptile head. Social snobs, smug shopkeepers, mischievous proletarians, all joined in a raucous outcry against the Queen because she did not, as heretofore, hold receptions and Court functions, so as to "keep trade going." Even minor

members of the Government lowered themselves to this same level, and one of them received, in his own presence and upon a public platform at St. James's Hall, a noble rebuke from John Bright which well deserves quotation :

"I am not accustomed" (said the great Tribune) "to stand up in defence of those who are possessors of crowns. But I could not sit and hear that observation without a sensation of wonder and of pain. I think there has been by many persons a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this : that a woman, be she Queen of a great realm, or be she the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

It is satisfactory to be able to add that these words, spoken on the spur of the moment, were applauded to the echo by a great meeting of working-men.

Talking of John Bright, it may be noted, in passing, that that great orator and influential politician did not hold the Republican opinions which it suited his opponents to ascribe to him. As early as 1849 Lord

Clarendon, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, writing to a friend about the Queen's visit to that country, uses these words :

"Friend Bright was with me to-day, and said he would not for the world have missed seeing the embarkation at Kingstown, for he had felt just the same enthusiasm as the rest of the crowd. 'Indeed,' he added, 'I'll defy any man to have felt otherwise when he saw the Queen come upon the platform and bow to the people in a manner that showed her heart was with them.' He didn't disguise either that the monarchical principle had made great way with him since Friday."

Probably most of us were mild Republicans in the days when (as Disraeli once said) we were "juvenile and curly," but friend John seems very soon to have begun to shake off his own slight attack of this disease. Every one knows how much the Queen esteemed him when she got to know him intimately.

Of the Queen's sterling common sense and sound judgment in general matters these volumes afford abundant evidence, and a few specimens will here be taken at random. In one of those sudden fits of fantastic pietism which occasionally sweep across the world of the "righteous over much," an outcry had been raised against the continuance of the

innocent custom which had prevailed for many years of regimental bands playing the troops to church on Sunday. This was too much for the Queen ; herself deeply religious she was not a fanatic, and she therefore addressed the following most praiseworthy admonition to Lord Hardinge, then Commander-in-Chief :

"The Queen understands that there is an attempt to be made to prevent military bands from playing when the troops march to church on a Sunday. She is anxious to express to Lord Hardinge her very strong feeling on this subject, and her wish that he should on no account give way to such a proposal. Whatever has been the custom should be firmly adhered to, and Lord Hardinge is perfectly at liberty to make use of the Queen's name, and say he could not bring such a proposal before her, as he knew she would not consent to it."

Another proof of the clear common sense which directed the Queen's opinions and actions, in matters ecclesiastical as well as civil, is afforded by the position she took up when it was proposed to hold a special day for Fasting and Humiliation on account of the Indian Mutiny. Every person of experience knows but too well what these special week-day fast days mean. They mean

cessation of useful work, the loss to the nation of a day's wages and profit, the keeping of an extra "Sunday" during the week by a devout section of the population, and the turning of the same by the remainder into Saturnalian orgies. This the Queen knew, and was properly disinclined to multiply occasions of the kind. Besides, on this particular occasion, why *should* we have fasted and humbled ourselves more than on any other? *We* were not the aggressors: our countrymen and women in India had done no wrong, but were simply the victims of unprovoked outrage. Therefore it was that she wrote to her Prime Minister the following wise and weighty words:

"Lord Palmerston knows what the Queen's feelings are with regard to Fast-days, which she thinks do not produce the desired effect—from the manner in which they are appointed, and the selections made for the Service—but she will not oppose the natural feeling which anyone must partake in, of a desire to pray for our fellow-countrymen and women who are exposed to such imminent danger, and therefore sanctions his consulting the Archbishop on the subject. She would, however, suggest its being more appropriately called a day of prayer and intercession for our suffering countrymen, than of fast and humiliation, and of its being on a

Sunday and not on a week-day. On the last Fast-day, the Queen heard it generally remarked that it produced more harm than good, and that, if it were on a Sunday, it would be much more generally observed."

In this connection the following extract from a letter, addressed by Lord Palmerston to the Edinburgh Presbytery in 1853, when a Fast Day was proposed relative to a threatened outbreak of cholera, may also be quoted :

"It does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment. The Maker of the universe established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live ; and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or neglect of those laws.

* * *

"Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring in planning and executing measures by which this result may be obtained. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions."

Nothing in Queen Victoria's reign was in itself more laudable and more beneficial to the nation than the great care she took, in making Court appointments, to keep her immediate environment clear from moral taint and, if possible, even from suspicion. It is matter of melancholy history how English society was corrupted at its very fountain-head during the Regency and subsequent reign of the Queen's uncle, George IV., and all experience shows how swiftly such moral poison at headquarters spreads through every class of the community. To this both the Queen and her husband were resolved to put a stop; and they *did* it. Probably there never existed a Court more pure than that of her late Majesty, and the following memorandum, made by the Prince on behalf of the Queen, is of great and permanent value:

"As to the formation of the Household, the Queen made two conditions, *viz.*, that the persons to compose her Court should not be on the verge of bankruptcy, and that their moral character should bear investigation. On the Queen's accession Lord Melbourne had been very careless in his appointments, and great harm had resulted to the Court therefrom. Since her marriage I had insisted upon

a closer line being drawn, and though Lord Melbourne had declared 'that that — morality would undo us all,' we had found great advantage in it and were determined to adhere to it."

And now we come to an occasion when Queen Victoria speaks on behalf of us all, and in language which upholds not only her own dignity but that of the nation whose representative she was, and never more truly than at this time. The marriage of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia had been duly arranged, with the general approval of the people of England. Rumour has it that a certain section of society would have looked more favourably upon an alliance with the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who was afterwards the ill-fated Emperor of Mexico. The Archduke at this time stood high in public favour, and his chances of succession to the Imperial Crown of Austria were far from remote; his figure was graceful, and his manners were gracious, contrasting favourably, as some thought, with the graver and less genial deportment of the Prince Royal of Prussia. But there is no doubt of the wisdom of the choice made by the Princess, for in the future Emperor "Fritz," she married one of the

most lovable and estimable men that the royal houses of Europe have ever produced. It would appear that from some unnamed quarter the outrageous suggestion had been made that our Princess should go to Berlin to be married! At this unbounded impertinence our Queen fired up, and even at the distance of fifty years we can fully share her feelings and sympathise with her just indignation:

"The Queen returns these letters. It would be well if Lord Clarendon would tell Lord Bloomfield (Ambassador at Berlin) not to entertain the possibility of such a question as the Princess Royal's marriage taking place at Berlin. The Queen never could consent to it, both for public and private reasons, and the assumption of its being too much for a Prince Royal of Prussia to come over to marry the Princess Royal of Great Britain in England is too absurd to say the least. The Queen must say that there never was even the shadow of a doubt on Prince Frederick William's part as to where the marriage should take place, and she suspects this to be the mere gossip of the Berliners. Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian Princes, it is not every day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The question, therefore, must be considered as settled and closed."

It would be tedious to tell the many matters in which the Queen showed herself in advance of her time, or at least of her own Ministers. Fifty years before our Admiralty began to dawdle over Rosyth, the Queen had pressed upon Sir Charles Wood the urgent need of a naval establishment and dockyard in the Firth of Forth. Half a century before Lord Rosebery had taken up the question of Reform of the House of Lords—a matter in regard to which he has hitherto been snubbed, but which must come to the front some day, and very probably with a rush—the Queen had expressed herself on the subject of Life Peers, surely a most desirable order to create. It is a good thing to exalt to a Constitutional Second Chamber men eminent in any of the walks of life, and to give them Life *titles* if such be deemed expedient, but it is a bad thing to endow their progeny, however incompetent and worthless they may prove to be, with the right to rule for ever over the British Empire. Were he now living, no one would object to the virtuous Eli being made a peer, but everyone would object to such privilege passing as of right to Hophni and Phinehas and their heirs for ever. Yet such anomalies exist in Britain at this very hour! But

there is no doubt that sooner or later the principle of hereditary legislation is doomed. The Queen's words run :

" The Queen has again thoroughly considered the question, and is of opinion that the establishment of the principle of creation for life—in cases where public advantage may be derived from the grant of a Peerage, but where there may be no fortune to support the dignity in the family—is most desirable."

It may be permitted to add *character* to "fortune" as being infinitely the more important qualification of the two.

The British Sovereign, as we know, is "Head of the Church," and a few references to the way in which Her Majesty regarded her duty in this high office may prove interesting. Before Lord John Russell lost his head over Papal Aggression, and played to the gallery with his utterly abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, he had written to Her Majesty the following wise words :

" It strikes him that the division into twelve territorial dioceses of eight ecclesiastical vicariats is not a matter to be alarmed at. The persons to be affected by this change must be already Roman Catholics before it can touch them."

He then goes on to say :

"The matter to create rational alarm is, as your Majesty says, the growth of Roman Catholic doctrines and practices within the bosom of the Church. Dr. Arnold said very truly, 'I look upon a Roman Catholic as an enemy in his uniform ; I look upon a Tractarian as an enemy disguised as a spy.'"

Alas ! Dr. Arnold's words were not a bit too strong, and apply, unhappily, even to the present day. It was but recently that an Anglican clergyman, upon being asked whether he was not descended from one of the Marian Martyrs, replied that "he was ashamed to say he was," an answer which in his case can only be described as infamous. That many of the Oxford Tractarians of Dr. Arnold's time deserved the title he gave them is established by the evidence of a competent historian. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in his biography of the Rev. W. G. Ward, the well-known Tractarian leader at Oxford, thus defines the position held by him before he finally took the decisive step of joining the Church of Rome :

"He had long held that the Roman Church was the one true Church. He had gradually come to believe that the English Church was

not strictly a part of the Church at all. He had felt bound to retain his *external* communion with her members because he believed he was bringing many of them towards Rome, and that, therefore, to unite himself to the Church which he loved and trusted *i.e.*, Rome to enjoy the blessings of external communion for himself, if by so doing he thwarted the larger and fuller victory of truth, had seemed a course both indefensible and selfish!

"He had become accustomed to a position similar to that of the missionary who foregoes the happiness of living among his brethren in the faith in order that he may lead strangers to see the truth."

It may perhaps be pointed out that the aforesaid missionary does not meanwhile pose *as* a Pagan while trying to turn Pagans into Christians.

To High Anglicans the Queen gave great offence because, when in Scotland, she made a point of regularly attending the services of the Established Presbyterian Church; thereby, as they contended, making herself accessory to the sin of Schism! As, however, the Episcopal Church in North Britain has no legal status beyond that of any other denomination, the Queen did not consider herself called upon to become a Dissenter during her residence in Scotland, indepen-

dently of which she doubtless found the Presbyterian service and preaching a rather welcome change for a while. In fact, upon all occasions she manifested the large-minded and comprehensive spirit which has always distinguished the best portion of what passes under the general title of the Broad Church.

As early as 1847 the Queen had expressed her views upon the subject of Church appointments in the following words, which, however, from their general tenor, we may suppose to have been limited to minor offices such as Deaneries, Canonries, and the like. She says to her then Prime Minister:

"The Queen is quite aware how necessary it is for a Minister to be able to recommend to such places persons of political connections, but she thinks that where it can be done, it would be of great use both to the Church and the country to give these places of emolument to Churchmen distinguished for their scientific attainments who have neither the means nor the time to prosecute their researches, whilst their labours might be of the greatest importance to the country."

On another occasion Her Majesty wrote:

"The Queen approves the recommendation of Mr. Bickersteth for the vacant Bishopric of

Ripon, but she cannot disguise from herself that, however excellent a man Mr. Bickersteth may be, his appointment will be looked upon as a strong party one, as he is one of the leaders of the Low Church Party; but perhaps Lord Palmerston may be able, in the case of possible future appointments, to remove any impression of the Church patronage running unduly towards party extremes."

Of all the statesmen with whom Queen Victoria came into contact during her long reign, there is no doubt that the one whom she regarded with most esteem and confidence, amounting, indeed, to personal affection almost filial in its nature, was Lord Melbourne—the Prime Minister at the time of her accession to the throne. And well did this now almost forgotten worthy deserve the regard of his young Sovereign; in the highest, purest, and best sense of the term he was the guide of her youth, exercising over her, whether in or out of office, the influence of a wise and loving parent. Fortunate, indeed, it was that the beginning of Victoria's reign found this sagacious and truly patriotic statesman at the head of affairs. His own personality seems to have been of the most attractive kind: painstaking without being fussy, and, while

thoughtful and prudent, at the same time light-hearted and gay. His unconventionality (sometimes perhaps carried a little too far) might appear like flippancy in the eyes of some of the solemn and pompous politicians who surrounded him, but few of us to-day will think the worse of him for that. It is related that upon the occasion of a Cabinet meeting, when a fixed duty upon foreign corn was under discussion, and his divided colleagues were on the point of separating without arriving at any real hearty agreement, he called out to them over the staircase, "Stop a bit! is all this to lower the price of bread or isn't it? It doesn't much matter which, but for goodness sake let us all *say the same thing!*" So we see that even in those days responsible Ministers were not above the temptation of stumping the country, each airing his own fads and "speaking his own words."

The mingled kindness and wisdom of Lord Melbourne's public policy is admirably exemplified in the following incident, narrated in Harriet Martineau's "History of the Thirty Years' Peace":

"A deputation (from an illegal Association) begged admission to the presence of the Home Secretary. Lord Melbourne saw

them, and quietly pointed out to them which passages of their address were seditious, if not treasonable, involving in the guilt of treason all persons who attended their meeting for the purpose of promoting the objects proposed. The leaders at once abandoned their design. The peace of society lost nothing, and the influence of the Government gained much, by the Ministers showing themselves willing to enlighten rather than punish ignorance, and to reserve their penalties for wilful and obstinate violations of the law."

At the beginning of the Queen's reign the Whigs were in office, and the Opposition, with a view, let us presume, of making things comfortable for their young Sovereign, did all they could to embarrass the Government, with the result that in less than two years Lord Melbourne had to resign. Then came what went for a while by the name of the "Bedchamber Plot." Before taking office as Premier, Sir Robert Peel had made it a condition that some of the principal ladies of the Royal Household should be replaced by others, a request which was quite reasonable under the circumstances. The Queen, however, strongly objected to this change in her personal environment,

and, seeing that she was then only twenty years of age and unmarried, it was only natural that she should object to finding herself in her own most intimate circle suddenly surrounded by strangers. Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell supported her, and so the proposed change of Ministry fell through. The subjoined footnote by the Editors of the Queen's Letters very fairly describes the situation :

"Lord Melbourne had made the not unnatural mistake of recommending to the Queen, as members of her first Household, ladies who were nearly related to himself and his Whig colleagues. No doubt these were the ladies whom he knew best, and in whom he had entire confidence; but he ought to have had sufficient prescience to see that the Queen would probably form strong attachments to the ladies who first served her, and that if the appointments had not in the first instance a political complexion, yet that the Whig tendencies which these ladies represented were likely to affect the Queen, in the direction of allying her closely with a particular party in the State."

The foregoing incident had the effect of creating in the Girl-Queen's mind a strong prejudice against the Tories in general, and poor Sir Robert Peel, who was their mouth-

piece, in particular, and with true girlish frankness she made her feelings known. But although her trusty friend Lord Melbourne had thought it right to stand by her on this *first* occasion of a Ministerial crisis he did not hesitate to give her sound constitutional counsel regarding the future, and two years afterwards stated—

"that he would tell Her Majesty carefully to abstain from playing the same part again, for that nothing but the forbearance of the Tories (led by Wellington and Peel) had enabled himself and his colleagues to support Her Majesty at that time."

And the Editors quote the Queen as herself saying many years afterwards, "I was very young then, and perhaps I should act differently if it was all to be done again."

The friendly unofficial correspondence between the Queen and Lord Melbourne is very pleasant to read. She rebukes him for having stolen away from a small and early party at the Palace without saying Good-night; it was "very wrong of him," she says, but nevertheless she hopes he got home safely and slept well. On another occasion she sends him "a little charm" to wear upon his chain; she hopes it will bring him good luck, and it will make her very happy

if he wears it. Another time she chaffs him about his grammar (which, be it noted in passing, was not always Her Majesty's *own* strong point), and also rallies him upon his going to sleep, or appearing to do so, during a royal dinner. Lord Melbourne on his part writes chatty letters to the Queen, giving society gossip, speaks of Lord John's wedding, the name of whose bride he muddles up in most remarkable style; playfully rebukes her for her dislike of Sir Robert Peel; describes the Duke of Wellington's sudden illness in the House of Lords; then his own visit to Oxford in Commemoration time, and speaks of the conduct of the undergraduates as being such that "the worst and lowest mobs of Westminster and London are very superior to them in decency and forbearance." Of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer he writes that "he beats his brother Henry hollow in ridiculousness of attire," but nevertheless seems to have "much in him." The Queen has been on her first visit to Scotland and shown great enthusiasm about "the remains of feudal times and institutions." "But," says Lord Melbourne, "it is quite as well, *particularly for monarchy*, that they are *only* 'remains,' and that no more of them have been left." And once, being

absent from church one morning, and the Queen having shown some anxiety as to the cause, he reassures her in these words :

" Lord Melbourne is very well, but Sir James Clark, a Scotchman and a physician, and therefore neither by country nor by profession very religious, detained him from church in order to go through the report upon the state of Buckingham Palace. This is not a very good excuse, but it is the true one."

Of course, this very kindly feeling towards Lord Melbourne made the situation of his successor, Sir Robert Peel, at first rather a hard one. Whatever Sir Robert's merits were, he certainly was no courtier. The Duke is alleged to have said when they took office together, " Two things are against us at Court : I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." And the Queen expressed herself to the same effect in one of her letters, quoted verbatim :

" The Queen don't like his (Peel's) manner after — . Oh ! how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural and most kind warm manner of Lord Melbourne ! The Duke I like far better to Peel."

In reply to this Lord Melbourne " earnestly entreated the Queen not to suffer herself to

be affected by any faultiness of manner on the part of her new Premier. Sir Robert, he said, was cautious and reserved, but for all that truthful and honest." Sir Robert himself said, upon the eve of accepting office :

"I would waive every pretension to office, I declare to God ! sooner than that my acceptance of it should be attended with any personal humiliation to the Queen."

And this the Queen got at last to see. In course of time he became one of her most esteemed and trusted Ministers. The Editors of these letters thus express themselves :

"But before long his great natural reserve was broken through, and his intercourse with the Prince, to whom his character was particularly sympathetic, became very close and intimate.

"Of all the English Ministers with whom the Prince was brought in contact, it is known that he preferred the stately and upright Commoner, who certainly, of all English Ministers, estimated and appreciated the Prince's character most truly and clearly."

It was indeed a happy circumstance that the two chiefs of State, during the first ten troublous years of Queen Victoria's reign, should have been such wise, honourable, and

upright men as Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel.

As the present issue of these letters ceases with the life of Prince Albert in 1861, it follows that references to the prominent politicians of the succeeding forty years must be few and far between. But it is amusing to note passing allusions to the two men who in more recent times stood out foremost in Parliamentary life. Who can help smiling at the wonderful lack of foresight shown by even such an experienced man of affairs as Lord Derby in his report to the Queen on the capacity of Mr. Gladstone?

"On my question why Mr. Gladstone could not lead, he replied that Mr. Gladstone was, in his opinion, quite unfit for it: he had none of that decision, boldness, readiness, and clearness which was necessary to lead a Party, to inspire it with confidence, and, still more, to take at times a decision on the spur of the moment, which a leader had often to do."

This was in November, 1852. Five months later, in April, 1853, Lord John Russell

"presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and is happy to say that Mr. Gladstone's statement last night was one of the most powerful financial speeches ever made in the House of Commons.

"Mr. Pitt, in the days of his glory, might have been more imposing, but he could not have been more persuasive."

It is equally amusing to note a remark in a letter written by the Prince to Mr. Gladstone, in which, referring to the above report, he "trusts that your (Mr. G.'s) Christian humility will not allow you to become dangerously elated." The warmest admirers of the future G.O.M. can scarcely contend that "humility" was one of his strongest characteristics.

The Queen's third Prime Minister was that rather fussy, somewhat too ambitious, but on the whole meritorious, statesman, Lord John Russell. References to him are, of course, too numerous to mention, but the following little rebuke which he once received may be quoted for the consolation of public speakers in general, who, if they have any modesty at all, never sit down without the uncomfortable feeling that they have either left out the best part of their speech or else said something that they did not really mean. Lord Normanby, our Ambassador to France, was in London at the time, and, having heard the Premier speak in the House of Commons, frankly told him that he thought he had made a mistake. These are his words :

"I told Lord John Russell last night I regretted that he had vouched for the intentions of Louis Napoleon. He said he had not done that, but owned that he had said more than he ought. The fact is, I did not know what to say next. I stopped, as one sometimes does, so I said *that*; I had better have said something else!"

Candid and characteristic!

Benjamin Disraeli, destined to become Gladstone's great rival, was himself also rather unfavourably regarded at first. When his name was submitted to the Queen in 1851 as one of her future Ministers, this conversation took place between Her Majesty and the incoming Premier:

"Returning to the offices to be filled, Lord Stanley said he should have to propose Mr. Disraeli as one of the Secretaries of State. The Queen interrupted him by saying that she had not a very good opinion of Mr. Disraeli on account of his conduct to poor Sir R. Peel, and what had just happened did not tend to diminish that feeling; but that she felt so much Lord Stanley's difficulties that she would not aggravate them by passing a sentence of exclusion on him. She must, however, make Lord Stanley responsible for his conduct, and should she have cause to be displeased with him when in office, she would remind Lord

Stanley of what now passed. Lord Stanley promised to be responsible, and excused his friend for his former bitterness by his desire to establish his reputation for cleverness and sharpness; nobody had gained so much by Parliamentary schooling, and he had of late quite changed his tone."

Well may the Man in the Street presume to be amused at all this when he reflects (1) how the noble Sponsor's Government could not have held together for three months without the presence therein of the *enfant terrible*, for whose good behaviour he vouched; and (2) that when afterwards the aforesaid Benjamin succeeded Lord Derby, he became, second only to Lord Melbourne, the Queen's favourite counsellor, and closest and most trusted friend. We mortals never can make sure of what is awaiting us "on the knees of the gods."

Of all Queen Victoria's statesmen the one with whom she was on the least satisfactory terms was Lord Palmerston; between the two there was always a great deal of friction, into which it would be very interesting to enter, did space permit. It is difficult, however, to pass over one or two amusing references to this great and popular statesman. In 1850 Lord John Russell "thought

Lord Palmerston too old to do much in the future, having passed his sixty-fifth year." This extraordinary opinion was given only a few months after Lord Palmerston had delivered one of the most successful speeches ever heard in Parliament, a speech of five hours long, lasting "from the dusk of one day until the dawning of the next," in the course of which, speaking without any notes to guide him, he reviewed and defended the whole of his Foreign Policy for many years past. *In* 1852 the Queen writes: "Lord Palmerston is terribly altered, and all his friends think him breaking. He walks with two sticks, and seemed in great suffering at the Council." Three years after this, in 1855, Lord Derby writes thus to the Queen: "Lord Derby must say, speaking without reserve, that whatever the ignorant public might think, Lord Palmerston was totally unfit for the task. He had become very deaf as well as very blind, was seventy-one years old, and . . . in fact, though he still kept up his sprightly manners of youth, it was evident that his day had gone by." In view of these gloomy vaticinations it is satisfactory to find that this decrepit old nobleman survived until 1865, when he died Prime Minister of England, just on the eve

of his eighty-second year, "his eye not dimmed nor his natural force abated."

It is not until we reach the Russian War, and the period immediately antecedent thereto, that we are made fully conversant with the ineptitude of prominent politicians and the selfish wrong-headedness which even English public men can display in a time of national trial. Taking the Queen's Letters in conjunction with other political memoirs, one gets behind the scenes of the "High Politics" of fifty years ago. We become veritably acquainted at first hand with the inner history of public affairs at that time. We see the Cabinet at work; we learn what the different Ministers thought of one another; we find what personal intrigues were going on even when the future of our country was at stake; how great statesmen tried to jockey one another; how public offices were disposed of in the most haphazard way; and one rises with the conviction that professional statesmen, even of the first class in public estimation, are not much better, if at all, than the average unknown men of business with whom one rubs shoulders every day. Take, for example, the glaring case of the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea after the

death of Lord Raglan. The war was at its height—Sevastopol was still untaken: fresh expeditions were being contemplated, and skill and energy on the part of the commanders were more needful than ever. The nation rejoiced at the thought that at this time of crisis so "strong" a man as Lord Palmerston was at the head of affairs, and felt sure that the most capable soldiers the Empire could produce would be placed at the head of our army. And what took place? According to published records nothing but hesitation, confusion, and final folly. First-class officers were named only to be cast aside: one because he wasn't sufficiently high up in the rota of seniority; another because his name was not altogether grateful in military ears, another because, although he had rendered most gallant and distinguished service upon the very spot, he was not deemed first-class in Pall Mall; and the most capable man of the whole, Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), who two years afterwards was selected with acclamation to save India, was then *only* a Brigadier, and therefore not quite eligible for the command-in-chief! Result—the successive appointments of two soldiers—doubtless themselves gallant men, but whose capacity

is evidenced by the fact that previous to their high appointment, and subsequent to the conclusion of peace, their names were first unknown and afterwards forgotten.

We find ample proof of all this in the Queen's Letters. As early as 1846, when the Irish famine was at its height and distress abounded everywhere, and a strong, united Government was needed more than ever, this is how the Whig statesmen behaved who, on a false issue, and by means of an unscrupulous alliance, had just driven from office Sir Robert Peel. Here is the memorandum which the Prince made at the time :

"There is the Grey Party, consisting of Lord Grey, Lord Clarendon, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Charles Wood ; they are against Lord Lansdowne, Lord Minto, Lord Auckland, and Sir John Hobhouse, stigmatising them as old women. Lord John leans entirely to the last-named gentlemen. There is no cordiality between Lord John and Lord Palmerston, who, if he had to make a choice, would even forget what passed in December last, and join the Grey Party in preference to Lord John personally. The curious part of all this is that they cannot keep a secret, and speak of all their differences."

The aforesaid Whig worthies came to grief

in 1852, and Lord Derby then formed his first Administration, about which the wags of that time made great jokes. It is related that when the noble Lord mentioned the names of his intended colleagues to the Duke of Wellington, his Grace kept on ejaculating the words, "Who? who?" apparently never having heard of any of them before: hence they got the name of the "Who Who's." Their head himself made some slight fun of them as the following extract from a letter by Queen Victoria will show:

"In the present case our acquaintance is confined almost entirely to Lord Derby, but then he *is* the Government. They do nothing without him. He has all the Departments to look after, and on being asked by somebody if he was not much tired, he said, 'I am quite well with my babies.'"

It may be added that the infantile statesmen aforesaid did fairly well during their brief existence, which, however, came to an untimely end before the year was out. Then came the comedy, almost tragedy, of "All the Talents," whose distinguished abilities in a time of national danger were chiefly displayed in the exhibition of paltry jealousies which would have done disgrace to a Parish Council. Our army in the Crimea was

perishing almost before our eyes. Our national character was being lowered all over the world. Lord Aberdeen had resigned; a fresh Government had to be constructed, and this is how patriotic British statesmen stooped to palter with the crisis. Here is the Queen's memo in February, 1855:

"Mr. Gladstone would clearly not serve *under* Lord John—might *possibly with* him—*if* much pressed by Lord Aberdeen to do so. He would *probably* serve under Lord Palmerston.

"Lord John Russell would *not* serve *under* Lord Palmerston, and *fancies* he might form a Whig Administration himself, of which the chief member, Lord Palmerston, would *not* like to serve *under* Lord John Russell—but he would be ready to form an Administration, which could not have duration, however, in his opinion, if Lord John Russell held aloof!"

These despicable squabbles at last got smoothed over, and *then* these great worthies found time to think about the war in general and our frozen, starving army in particular. The hideous muddle of the Crimean campaign is, alas! a part of the nation's history; men fondly hoped that at least its lessons might bear some good fruit, but whether they did or not let the recent dreary record of South Africa tell. But at least *one* lesson

was learned : in 1900 we sent out the best generals we had ; how did our unspeakable wiseacres act in 1855 ? The Queen saw the right thing to do, and this is how she pleaded, but alas ! in vain :

" The Queen informs Lord Hardinge that, on speaking to Sir Colin Campbell yesterday, and informing him how much she wished that his valuable services should not be lost to her army in the Crimea, he replied in the handsomest manner that he would return immediately—' for that, if the Queen wished it, he was ready to serve under a Corporal ! ' Conduct like this is very gratifying, and will only add to Sir Colin Campbell's high name : but, as by Lord Hardinge's and Lord Panmure's advice, the Queen has obtained from him this sacrifice of his own feelings to her wishes, she feels personally bound not to permit him to be passed over a second time should the command again become vacant." (As already mentioned, Sir Colin went to India in 1857.)

Time and space fail to deal more fully with the melancholy history of this disastrous time from which only one great personality emerges, the grand figure of our Patriot Queen. She takes note of everything ; the disgraceful laxity of discipline at the Front stirs her to honest indignation :

"The Queen has had a good deal of conversation with Sir Colin, and from what he told her, as well as from what she has heard from others, there seems to be a good deal of laxity of discipline—particularly as regards the officers—in the army in the Crimea; and she thinks Lord Hardinge should give an order to prevent so many officers coming home on leave except when really ill. The effect of this on the French is very bad, and the Prince had a letter only two days ago from the Prince of Prussia, saying that every one was shocked at the manner in which our officers came home, and that it lowered our army very much in the eyes of foreign armies, and generally decreased the sympathy for our troops."

The cartoons of *Punch* contain a picture relating to this very period. A gaunt, ragged regiment is drawn up on parade, and a little drummer-boy, advancing to the front, addresses the General somewhat in this wise: "Please, General, may me and these other chaps have leave to go home *on urgent private affairs?*" This was the plea on which so many British officers obtained leave to abandon their duty.

What the Queen (and the nation) thought of our army in the bulk was expressed by her in the following noble words:

"However, whatever happens, one consolation the Queen ever will have, which is—that with the one exception of that failure on the Redan, her noble army, in spite of every possible disadvantage which any army could labour under, has invariably been victorious, and the Russians have always and everywhere been beaten excepting at Kars, where famine alone enabled them to succeed.

"Let us, therefore, *not* be (as alas! we have often been) its detractors by our croaking."

This paper is already too long to allow space to dilate upon the immense efforts made by the Queen to inspire her sluggish Ministers with something like energy and zeal, and especially her wise anxiety to save the nation from future trouble by the premature conclusion of any Treaty of Peace lacking in the essential elements of stability and honour. How far she succeeded in inspiring her Ministers history must decide. We only know that one of the most important provisions of the Treaty of Paris was boldly torn up by Russia within fourteen years.

It is scarcely likely that a further instalment of these priceless historical treasures will be given to the public for some time to come. Most of the actors named in the present series have vanished from life's stage,

but it may be deemed expedient to withhold for a while records which bear on more recent personages and events. But enough is shown in these volumes to prove how much our late Sovereign had the interests of her Empire at heart; how to serve them "she scorned delights and lived laborious days": how all considerations of self were sunk in thoughts of public duty—that, in short, "She was a Queen, take her for all in all, men ne'er will look upon her like again."

Mottoes.

Mottoes.

The subjoined List of Mottoes or Sayings is due to the same source as the similar ones in previous books. The small but congenial society which first originated the idea of such weekly repetition still happily exists, and it is to the efficient aid of its members that the present collection is due.

AFFLICTIONS are the medicine of the mind. If not toothsome, let it suffice that they are wholesome.

A GEM is not polished without rubbing, nor man perfected without trials.

A HANDFUL of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

A LIE which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE is to the soul what health is to the body.

A BROKEN word can never be mended.

A NOBLE deed is a step towards God.

A DAY of worry is more exhausting than a week of work.

BESIDES gathering no moss, a rolling stone goes down hill.

"BY AND BY" is the road to NEVER.

BE Godlike in business and businesslike in Godliness.

CONDESCENSION is an excellent thing, but it is strange how one-sided the pleasure of it is.

CARVE your name on hearts; it's better than marble.

CONSCIENCE is God's whisper in man's soul.

CHEERFULNESS is an excellent wearing quality; it is called the bright weather of the heart.

CHEERFUL looks make every dish a feast.

CONTENTMENT is a good thing, until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

DISAPPOINTMENT should be taken as a stimulant, never as a discouragement.

DON'T speak much of what you are going to do, but do it.

DISCRETION in speech is better than eloquence.

DEATH is a cessation from the impression of the senses, the tyranny of the passions, the errors of the mind, and the servitude of the body.

DO as well as you can to-day, and perhaps to-morrow you may be able to do better.

EVEN if we lost our own chief good, other people's good would yet remain, and *that* is still worth living for.

EVERY noble life leaves its fibre interwoven in the work of the world.

EARTH should be our rehearsal for heaven.

FRETTING never lifts a load,
And worry never smooths our road.

GOOD intentions do not justify bad deeds.

GOD'S blessing is a good root over our heads to defend us from the storms of man's wrath.

GOD is better served in resisting temptation than in formal prayers.

HAPPINESS consists not in having much, but in enjoying what we have.

HE lives long who lives well, and time misspent is not lived but lost.

HE has all wealth who has a contented mind.

IF you cannot do as you like, then try to like what you have to do.

IT is usually not so much the greatness of our trouble, as the littleness of our spirit, that makes us complain.

IT takes a good deal of earth to bury the truth.

IT is better that a life should contract dust-marks than forfeit usefulness in trying to remain unspotted.

IT is well to make a good living, but better to live a good life.

IT is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.

IF you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice the better for it.

IT is not great deeds that make people's lives happy, it is the little pleasantnesses of daily life.

IT is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood.

IT is part of the cure to wish to be cured.

LET man see the divinity that is in you by the humanity that comes out from you.

LET each day's performance of duty be thy religion.

LAUGH at your own troubles, but never at those of others.

LIVE in the present, so as to be ready for the future.

MEMORY should be a store room: many make it a lumber room.

MODERATION is the foundation of all real enjoyment.

NEVER excuse a wrong action by saying that somebody else does the same thing.

NO man is so insignificant but his example may do some good.

NO matter rank or station; the lover of books is among the richest and happiest of the children of men.

NEVER meet troubles half way, let them do all the walking.

PITY is the touch of God in human hearts.

PERPETUAL calm would never make a sailor.

REMEMBERING our own faults, we should talk less about those of others.

SEEMING failures are sometimes the grandest successes.

SOME people never feel good unless they are making other people feel bad.

SORROWS like babies grow bigger by nursing.

THEY who differ pole-wide serve
Perchance one common Master,
And other sheep he hath than they
Who graze one narrow pasture.

THE survival of the fittest is the law of nature,
The re-vival of the un-fittest is the law of Christ.

TO restrain the anger of a moment may prevent the sorrow of a life.

THE world would be a peaceful place if we could only keep quiet about each other's failings.

THE gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.

THE best way to help another is to teach him to help himself.

'TIS often braver to bear than dare.

THE more judgment a man has, the slower and more careful he will be to condemn.

THE purpose of man's life is not happiness but worthiness. Happiness may come as an accessory, but it should never be made our chief aim.

THE world has weary hearts that we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day, makes sunshine all the year.

TIME wasted is existence ; used is life.

TO ensure a happy to-morrow, do your best to-day.

TRUE religion, 'tis not blindly prating what thy teachers prate,
But love as God is loving, all things, be they small or great ;
And true bliss is when a sane mind does a healthy body fill,
And true knowledge is the knowing what is good and what is ill.

TEMPER is one of those things which improve with keeping, and only small tempers are easily lost.

USE your talents, however small: the woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing the best.

WE should all be better and brighter if we dwelt on the duty of happiness as well as the happiness of duty.

WHAT is it to be envious?
To punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

WEAK is the Throne and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.

WITHOUT trouble there would be no happiness, troubles come so that happiness may be understood.

WISDOM is knowing what to do, virtue is doing it.

WHAT God means by "our neighbour" we cannot doubt: it is everyone whom we have the power of helping.

WE often do more good by our sympathy than by our labours.

WE cannot have a shadow unless a light shines somewhere.

WORK is God's recipe for loneliness.

YOU will never lead souls heavenward unless when climbing yourself. You need not be very far up ; but you must be climbing.

A Rush through Russia.

A Rush through Russia.

Part I.—St. Petersburg.

The above had been our dream for many a day, but up to 1898 it remained unfulfilled; however we then finally pulled ourselves together and said "Why look we one upon another! Let us arise and start forthwith." Having formed this resolution we were rewarded with the happy thought of enlisting as one of our company the ever-pleasing person of the lady who on preceding occasions has passed in similar pages under the initials J.M.K. With charming self-denial she accepted the idea, and with characteristic energy set herself to acquire in the brief interval intervening of time at least some elementary knowledge of the Russian tongue. Being then resident abroad she had to join us at Berlin, and upon meeting we were astonished to find how proficient she had become in that most difficult language. And let me

say once for all how useful this knowledge proved when dealing with railway officials, cab drivers, hotel servants, shopkeepers, and folks in general, and how thankful I am to add that owing thereto we had no need of a guide or courier during the whole of our journey.

Before departing upon our trip we had to confront the important question of

PASSPORTS !

When the present writer in his youth first went abroad this international nuisance was in full swing, and he remembers how proud he was to receive his first document of the kind from the F.O., signed, he fancies, by Lord Clarendon. But since that date the system has happily been relaxed, and in all but out-of-the-way countries ceased to be needful to all. But Russia remains the exception, and in order to be fully equipped we were obliged to procure one in London. That document now lies before me and is completely covered with endorsements in all sorts of mystic characters, and all manner of strange stamps. It had first to be exhibited at the frontier station of Wirballen, where we arrived in the "dead vast and middle of the night." An imposing official, attired in what appeared to be the undress uniform of

a Major-General, received it at our hands, and departed with it to some unknown quarter of the station. After about an hour's interval he came back and politely returned it without even demanding a fee, whereat I, in view of subsequent experience, still marvel greatly. It would have been so easy for him, if so disposed, to have exacted a rouble or two, which we poor strangers, awestruck at finding ourselves at last within the grasp of the Czar, or still worse, that of the Czar's Government, would have paid without doubt or question. Upon arrival at St. Petersburg we were again deprived of the passport, but this time for a longer period, it not being restored until the following day. It was then solemnly brought back by an officer of police accompanied by two satellites, who stood in the background apparently taking our likeness in much the same way that Mr. Pickwick had his taken when first conveyed to the Fleet, or when previously interviewed in the office of "Mr. Dodson and Fogg."* The official

* "They're twiggin' you, sir," whispered Mr. Weller.

"Twigging, me, Sam!" replied Mr. Pickwick; "what do you mean by twigging me?"

Mr. Weller replied by pointing his thumb over his shoulder, etc.

then favoured us with a polite bow, at the same time stating that the usual fee for the *visa* would be charged upon the hotel bill, where in due course we found it; but how much of the sum charged went to the police, and how much to the hotel, we failed to enquire and never knew. This same process was repeated at every important town or city where we stayed even for a night, and at Odessa we had to go without it for forty-eight hours; the alleged reason for such delay being that as we were then on the point of leaving Russia it was necessary, I suppose, to be doubly stamped and doubly charged for, so as to enable us to quit Russia at all.

Before leaving this subject I may say that prior to the recent melancholy events in Russia an impression existed that the Government would have been by no means unwilling to modify the passport system, if not to abolish it altogether. There are no measures of precaution which skill and daring cannot evade; where persons of that sort are concerned passports often fail of their purpose, while in the case of innocent and harmless people they produce trouble and annoyance, without serving any useful end. I had the pleasure of meeting at Sevastopol

with an English gentleman who forty years before was a subaltern in our Crimean army and subsequently occupied consular appointments in various parts of that empire. He was evidently a great favourite in Russian society, and knew a great deal about affairs generally, and it was his conviction that passports would have been done away with some time before but for the immense "vested interests" involved; to wit the large army of officials employed in supervising the same, and making their living out of stamps and fees. This great bureaucracy was more than, in his opinion, the Government were quite prepared to offend.

At first starting on our trip a few contretemps occurred which amused us afterwards, but were rather awkward at the time. At Calais the train we wanted was nearly lost from want of proper notice of its time of departure, but we were not so badly off as two English ladies who, at Brussels, *quite* lost their train to Cologne, to the great delight of a hard-hearted waiter who, with a face wreathed in smiles, thus explained their unfortunate situation: "He (she) say to me how long first, and he (she) say all right, and then it was all wrong, and so he (she) lose

the train." It being an all-night journey, we dined on board the train. Of all the minor ills of travelling deliver me most of all from a set meal in the swaying restaurant of a galloping train. The staggering about from car to car, the headlong entrance, the dash for seats, the tiny tables, the shaky soup, half of which gets spilled upon the cloth, if not upon you, the slabs of meat dabbed down before you, the tottering tumblers, the long bills, the noise and heat, the latter occasionally relieved by an Arctic blast at the nape of one's neck, the tumble-down exit, regarded as happy if one avoids knocking glasses and bottles down in making it, the risky journey back to one's own compartment, upsetting fellow passengers in the progress along the narrow corridors; all these things together make a railway dining-car anything but a place of refreshment and repose.

No, no! give me instead the good old luncheon basket which two of you, sitting opposite one another, can place upon your knees and open safely and comfortably, extracting therefrom knives and forks, a carved roast chicken, two or three delicate slices of ham, nice crisp rolls, two or three pats of butter, little paper bags of pepper and salt respectively, and two delightful little table

napkins made of paper. Then you begin your meal; should the train wobble, as it generally does, you can dispense with dangerous weapons and hold the fowl in your fingers, enjoying it all the more because you feel as though you were partaking of a picnic, washing down the same with a little bottle of ale, stout, or claret, also included, according to your order, in the aforesaid all-comprising basket: you then neatly replace the glass and crockery, push the basket under the seat, wipe your hands upon the paper serviettes, throw same out of window, along, perhaps, with scraps for the benefit of passing dogs, throw yourself back in your seat with a sigh of satisfaction, and say, with Sydney Smith, "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

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The contretemps already alluded to occurred in connection with our luggage. Before leaving Dover it was duly registered to Berlin, but, for some wise purpose to us unknown, it was despatched through Ostend, and went by a later boat and train. We, of course, felt no anxiety upon the subject, until, upon reaching Herbesthal, the frontier station, we found both box and portmanteau missing! This was decidedly unpleasant, but we still hoped that it might turn up at

Berlin: such, however, was not the case. Upon enquiring there we ascertained that our luggage, whenever it arrived, could not be got at until next day. Here was a pretty go! fortunately our dressing bags contained night gear, but all opportunity of making ourselves presentable after twenty-four hours' dusty travel was quite out of the question. But there is one comfort about foreign hotels: even in a swell *salle à manger* a passing tourist need not be ashamed to show his face. In our travelling attire we took both lunch and dinner, only stipulating that we should be put in a corner. Folks in evening attire surrounded us on all sides, but no one appeared to notice our dishevelled condition, and so we felt perfectly at ease. The following morning we cleared our luggage and again felt "all serene."

But this was not our only luggage trouble, or perhaps I had better say anxiety: in the course of our thirty-six hours' journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg, while stopping at one of the stations, it occurred to me to have a peep into the van containing the luggage registered through to Russia, which was then standing open for the reception of some other articles. Horror of horrors! there was *no* trace of ours. Well, there was no good in

making the flesh creep of the rest of our little party, so the painful secret was locked up in one's own bosom, where it rankled for some hours; but upon arrival at Wirballen, there everything was awaiting us; the fact being that the hotel people, to save us trouble and worry on a morning of early departure, had registered our luggage the night before, and so it left by a slower train twelve hours earlier than we did, arriving an hour or two before us.

In order to avail ourselves of a bi-weekly express train to St. Petersburg it was necessary to spend a day or two at Berlin, a city for which I cannot manufacture any personal sympathy. It was our second visit, and I liked it as little now as at the first. I wonder why; it is handsome, its mansions are stately, its "Unter den Linden" is a superb thoroughfare, its museums and palaces very fine, its Park spacious and splendid. What on earth is there to complain of? I don't quite know, and yet such is the fact. There is a *nouveau riche* air about the place; its own special historical associations are modern and not of an especially noble kind, except as connected with about a generation ago. Relics of the great Frederick are mostly to be found elsewhere,

but at Berlin it is generally the "Great Elector" that we hear about everywhere. Of course, one has the occasional privilege of encountering a majestic figure with curled moustache and a "mailed fist," but even this sublime apparition fails to excite any great enthusiasm.

And so, in comparison with other European capitals, Berlin in my estimation takes a back seat. It is not half so picturesque as Brussels, has no noble harbour like Copenhagen and Stockholm, is not to be compared in magnificence with Vienna; even Madrid surpasses it in romantic interest; it has no grand collection of churches and palaces like St. Petersburg—Dresden is pleasanter, Budapest more stately, Munich more artistic, even poor little dethroned Cracow is more venerable and full of memories, while Rome, of course, is *hors concours*, and Paris, although become a shade shoddy since the Second Empire, has hovering over her the multiplied memories of a thousand years.

Before leaving Berlin it is only fair to refer to the charming collection of villas and mansions grouped under the general name of Potsdam, a little town which is so near to the capital as almost to be reckoned one of its suburbs. Here we seem really to come

into contact with the grand personality of Frederick the Great. I omit a description as irrelevant to our present subject, but cannot forbear quoting the following extract from Mr. H. W. Lucy's delightful "Diary of Two Parliaments." It relates to a telegraphic communication which reached an English newspaper in the troublous days of 1848. "The French Revolution had just been completed, and no one could say how far the conflagration would run. Thrones were tottering from St. Petersburg to Madrid. The King of Prussia was, in particular, thought to be in dangerous straits, and the enterprising morning paper had a confidential agent at the capital, with instructions to telegraph the impending fall of the monarchy the moment it took place. Late one night came the fateful message, 'The King has gone to pot.' This was colloquial but emphatic, and a leader was written commenting on this new downfall amongst ancient monarchies. Early next morning came another message containing the cabalistic word, 'sdam.' This was, alas! the conclusion of the first message, dislocated in the exigencies of imperfectly administered telegraphy. The King of Prussia, it seemed, had only gone to Potsdam, and his throne was safe."

The thirty-six hours' journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg is mostly uninteresting as regards scenery ; some ancient and important cities are passed upon the way, but those were not our object. Very welcome was the hour when on a fine summer evening we steamed into the terminus and felt that for a week or two we had done with railways. This being neither a diary nor guide book I aim at nothing beyond giving a few general impressions of this famous city, which two centuries ago was a dismal swamp, but is now a splendid capital. The period of our visit was happily a tranquil one ; Russia was at peace both at home and abroad, and there was nothing to interfere with a visitor's enjoyment.

The Churches of St. Petersburg

are numerous and noble ; richly dowered with cupolas and grand domes mostly gilded ; the interiors (shaped like a Greek cross) are coated with precious marbles. The general simplicity of their walls is amply made up for by the splendour of their sanctuaries, which abound in pictures (" Ikons ") adorned with priceless jewels. The worship of the Russian Church is altogether choral, no instrumental music being allowed, no images are permitted

nor mural engraving of any kind. We attended on Whit Sunday at the imposing Cathedral of Our Lady of Kasan, where a certain detail connected with the service was at first rather puzzling to outsiders like ourselves. Standing in the crowd (no seats being provided) we were gently touched upon the shoulder, and turning round found a lighted candle held close to our face; this candle one is expected to hold for a minute or two and then, selecting some individual in front, to touch his shoulder and, with a bow, pass on the taper to *him*; and so it progresses from hand to hand until at last the front is reached, where it is presumably received by an official hand, and deposited before some shrine.

I looked in again at this church during the afternoon. No regular service was then going on, but there was a kind of worship nevertheless. This Cathedral contains a great number of sacred Ikons, richly embellished and mostly protected by glass, and the worship alluded to consisted in going round and kissing these pictures in turn. One couple I noticed in particular, a little nursemaid with her infant charge—what Dickens would have called "a dwarf child with a giant baby." As the frail nurse went

round the building she dutifully lifted her weighty charge, so far as she could, to a level with the various Ikons, which the aforesaid infant was encouraged somewhat reluctantly to salute with a kiss, its guardian afterwards performing the same ceremony. I felt very sympathetic with that poor, perspiring little nursemaid, for the day was very hot and some of the pictures were hung rather high, and I should certainly have offered to relieve her of some of her duty, and carry or lift the child myself, were it not only too obvious that the infant worshipper had probably not been washed for over a month.

Russian churches vary in degrees of sanctity, some being sites of pilgrimage. The great Monastery of St. Alexander Nevski is one among the most famous in the Empire, and contains many shrines and sacred relics. It also encloses a small cemetery, where many rich families pay large sums for the privilege of being interred in sacred ground. Undoubtedly the most interesting place of worship in the city is the humble little wooden building close by the cottage of Peter the Great. We happened to be passing one day when service was going on, and were much struck by the hearty singing of some Russian private soldiers, who had evidently

just looked in accidentally, but were joining in the worship with heart and soul. As I recall their kindly, honest, simple faces one sadly wonders whether their owners were destined so soon afterwards to swell the horrible hecatombs around Port Arthur.

Somehow or other I had imagined the far-famed fortress of Saints Peter and Paul to be a sort of huge, frowning castle like the old French Bastille, dominating with its baleful shadow the whole imperial city. "Instead of which" (as the judge remarked to the man who "went about stealing ducks") it presents a long, low, harmless-looking frontage to the riverside, its only mark of note being the exquisitely elegant tapered spire of the church which contains the remains of the Romanoffs. There lies Peter himself, and there also that accomplished virago, Catherine II. Alexander I. is there, whose fleeting friendship with Napoleon was rewarded by the awful invasion of 1812. Hard by lies the Grand Duke Constantine, whose iron rule in Poland in time of revolt is still remembered by his laconic message, "Order reigns in Warsaw." Our own great foe, Nicholas I., slumbers close by, and near him his son and grandson, the martyred Alexander and his short-lived successor,

Nicholas the Second. "And there they lie, those ashes of proud Princes"; their tombs are simplicity itself, pure white marble with some slight adornment of gold.

The far-famed Winter Palace of St. Petersburg is second to no royal dwelling-place in Europe, either in size or beauty. Here again, while repudiating any idea of acting the part of a guide book, I cannot avoid reference to some of its deeply interesting relics connected with modern Russian history. The personal belongings of the great Nicholas, and the camp bedstead on which he died of a broken heart; the bedroom and study (the latter remaining just as he left it) of the slaughtered Czar Alexander; and the now restored corridor along which the Imperial party passed, or were about to pass, either just before or after that mysterious explosion which was designed to blow them all to pieces. And then there is that superb museum called the HERMITAGE, which is, I suppose, the very grandest collection of paintings, sculpture, bronzes, coins, medals, gems, miniatures, weapons, gold ornaments, ivory carvings, Greek and Roman remains, antique relics, vases, statues, archæological and ecclesiastical curiosities, ancient armour, valuable books, priceless MSS.,

ever assembled under one roof. In the estimation of the present writer this glorious collection is of itself worth travelling all the way to St. Petersburg to see, and, were it not for "pastures new," still to be explored, if life and health remained to him, he'd willingly do it himself.

Like almost everything else in the capital, this museum appears to have been founded by Peter the Great, who has a large gallery specially appropriated to his memory, and in his well-merited honour.

The name of Hermitage is derived from the small building once standing on this spot, whereto Catherine II. used to resort for the purpose of seeking relief from State affairs by means of social recreation with artists, poets, and men and women of letters. Her rules for the prevention of gossip, tale-bearing, and slander deserve to be inscribed in letters of gold upon all places of social gathering throughout the world, and if universally adopted, even for one year only, would do more to abolish spiteful scandal and "false witness" among men (the masculine term here being employed to comprise the feminine) than all the homilies in existence. The great Empress would almost appear to have had some premonition of the un-

measured calumny with which her own memory has been pursued even to the present day.

The most important addition to the picture gallery of the Hermitage was made in 1779, by the purchase in England of a part of the invaluable Walpole collection, which Parliament and our rich folks and our "old nobility" allowed to leave the country at what is called the price of an old song. At that time Britain claimed to be civilised and cultured, while Russia was supposed to be barbarous and semi-savage, but for all that the barbarians "knew the time of day" and so the "savages" *scored*.

There are many pleasant excursions to be made to the numerous islands connected by their many bridges with the main city, and some of these islands are rather pretty. One of the best ways of spending a fine afternoon is to take a steamer down the Neva to Peterhof and Kronstadt, the former being a singularly delightful place, and, at the time of our visit, accessible to all. Its gardens are adorned with fountains, cascades, and innumerable statues, and its palace and smaller buildings abound in relics of Peter the Great. In fact that great man leaves traces everywhere. On another afternoon

we found it impossible to resist the temptation to a trip to Kronstadt, without, however, expecting any result except that of being able to say we had been there. (The elder Sheridan in such a case would probably have remarked, "Oh, foolish ones, you could have said that anyhow!") Rising over the famous fortress we saw what at first we took for great clouds of smoke, but which afterwards turned out to be dense columns of gnats.

The grandest street in St. Petersburg is the Nevski Prospect, three miles in length and of immense width; the broad thoroughfare being occupied with vehicles of all sorts, many being driven with three horses abreast, and at great speed. Hence the pedestrian has always need to bear in mind the judge's injunction to Mr. Winkle and "be careful." One cannot quit this most attractive city without some reference to what our little company always regards and speaks of as

THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW CAR.

The morning after arrival, while taking a general view of the city, we encountered a spectacle such as we had never seen before and expect never to see again. It was an open yellow car drawn by two horses and with a raised canopy, supported by four gilt

posts, like an old-fashioned bedstead. On the floor of this car, raised about four feet from the ground, was laid what appeared to be a feather bed, on which was extended the figure of a man lying face downwards: he was well clad, his face buried in his hands, a tall silk hat skilfully tilted on the back of his head, and a pair of neatly shod feet (boots, patent leather, and apparently quite new) hanging over the back of the car. We stopped and stared: whatever could it be? It was the only car of the kind we saw all the time we were in Russia, and yet no one seemed to take any notice of it. Who, or what, was the prostrate figure? It could not be a corpse, or the passers-by would have lifted their hats, according to the commendable Russian habit in such cases. It could not be a wax figure, for we saw one of its hands make a slight movement in order more safely to secure the tottering hat. We watched this mysterious equipage until it disappeared, and returned to the hotel full of wonder. "Was things what they seemed, or was visions about?" We there described the scene, but no elucidation was forthcoming for three or four days, at the end of which period the head waiter approached our table with great solemnity and told us that after carefully

revolving the matter he had arrived at the conclusion that the figure we had seen must have been that of some eminent physician who had been visiting a very difficult case, and with a view of giving it his most careful consideration had selected this particular attitude while driving homewards. The shape and colour of the car, he thought, might be due to some eccentricity of taste on the part of the aforesaid doctor, who properly desired to get all the fresh air he could so as to avoid the conveyance of infection as he passed from one patient's house to another. We enquired what he considered the good doctor's attitude usually was when his mind was *not* over-weighted with any special difficulty; did he sit cross-legged upon his mattress or lie upon his back? But here our waiter shook his head and frankly confessed he could not tell. So the mystery remains unsolved. Can any gentle reader explain it?

PART II.—MOSCOW.

The railway journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow takes about fifteen hours, and for the best train, which ran at night, we had to secure tickets some time in advance. And

here, once for all, let me deliver myself about Russian railways. Possibly I had been misled in my ideas concerning them by hearing them so much lauded beforehand, for experience teaches that the worst service that can be rendered to any individuals or institutions is to praise them up too highly; disappointment is almost sure to follow when the anticipations excited in the mind of the hearer are contronted with actual contact. So it proved in this case. I never was more dismayed than when on exchanging, at the frontier, a German railway carriage for a Russian, I found the latter lighted throughout only by candles, and not too many of them. Neither was the night journey to Moscow altogether a happy one, but that was partly due to non-acquaintance with Russian ways. Just before dusk the conductor entered the car, which, without being exactly of the corridor type, had a door at both ends, so as to permit of communication with other cars if desired. Our particular compartment held about eight people with a chair for each; for sleeping purposes these chairs were convertible into a kind of couch for which rough bedding is provided. Not knowing exactly what to expect, two of us preferred to retain our chairs unaltered, and so we sat up all

night snatching a little slumber as best we could, while the more experienced travellers snored peacefully all around. Here it may be stated that many Russians travel with their own bedding, which they take from place to place; the hotels in many cases letting their bedrooms unfurnished, but supplying bedding if requested; of course at an extra nightly charge.

It is only fair to add that in all the stations at which the fast trains stop the refreshment department is exceedingly well served, and the viands are of excellent quality. Provision is also made for a plentiful supply of hot water for the use of the poorer travellers, who are thus enabled to provide themselves with fresh tea, their principal beverage, while on a journey. And all the railway officials whom we encountered from first to last were very obliging and polite.

It was about ten o'clock on a beautiful morning that we emerged from the terminus and tried to realise we were in Moscow; an idea which with at least one of the party had been a cherished dream ever since as a schoolboy he had first heard and read about that year of wonders, 1812. But the sun was blazing fiercely, and two of us had had a sleepless night, and all three felt hot and dirty, and the

road to the hotel was rough and jolty and jerky, and a heavy milk cart drawn by a pair of dashing donkeys ran into and nearly overwhelmed our little "drojki," and the streets were narrow and the houses seemed mean, and we did not like the look of our hotel when at last we got there, and that sublime functionary the hall porter appeared not quite to like the look of *us*, and the stairs and passages seemed to want a broom, and the bedroom furniture a duster, and we did not relish the outlook from our windows—and so altogether, our first few hours in Moscow were not exactly a jovial time. But a "wash and brush-up," and a change of raiment, and a decent breakfast, and a subsequent lounge, and, in the case of one of us, a quiet smoke, restored us to tranquillity, and in the afternoon, refreshed and happy, we set out (where else *could* we go ?) to explore

The Kremlin.

Up to this point the present writer had half contemplated some feeble description of this glorious fortress, which within its surrounding walls of two miles in extent contains churches, palaces, public buildings, gardens, barracks, a monastery, and an arsenal ; the whole standing upon a steep eminence over-

looking the river Moskva, and commanding grand views of the country round. But all that can here be attempted is to recall a few personal recollections of the many visits paid to this ancient and sacred spot. There is the majestic and venerable gateway of the Redeemer, through which even the Czar must pass uncovered. There is the gorgeous palace, whose massive walls, stupendous staircases, and immense halls seem as though built for the habitation of giants, and which is adorned by jewels, pictures, vases, and works of art, evincing tasteful beauty as well as dazzling magnificence. Of its churches no detailed description will be here attempted: mostly small in size, but lavishly decorated, they are linked with the most sacred associations of Russia. Then suddenly rises to view the quiet little convent garden where one of our party begins to sketch, and the timorous nuns steal forth to peep, then to smile and nod as they detect various details of their secluded retreat, and finally, after much whispering and hesitation, there totters forth a sweet and venerable dame, evidently the Mother Superior, who beams upon us, and with signs bids us welcome; and whose delight when finally her own figure is introduced into a corner of the little sketch seems

boundless, and leads her to give a most affectionate embrace to her two lady visitors when they take their leave. Then (though this seems rather a come-down) the immense ruin of that gigantic bell, which stands upon the ground at the foot of Ivan Tower, twenty-six feet high, its little chipped-out portion, lying close by, weighing eleven tons! How many hundreds of sweet, melodious chimes might have been made with less cost and labour than this colossal and ungainly failure! Nor can one forget, as one issues from another archway of the Kremlin, the great shrine reared just outside the walls, before which hosts of worshippers are prostrate daily, oblivious of the hurry and tumult of the open street in which they kneel.

We went one Sunday morning to the rich and costly Temple of the Saviour, begun many years ago in commemoration of the great Deliverance of 1812. Some grand service was going on, and we were rather late, but being obviously strangers we were (really against our will) seized upon and conducted through a throng of worshippers to what was considered a more advantageous position. The writer is reminded of a somewhat similar act of attention received on the slopes

of Mount Lebanon, when, entering (also during service) a small Armenian church, he and his companion were forthwith laid hold of and compulsorily seated in two chairs suddenly produced for the express purpose, in front of the whole congregation. It was not as though either of us was in "goodly apparel," or was (I think) even sporting a "gold ring"—on the contrary, after some weeks of Syrian travel our "raiment" must have looked rather "vile"; but for all that we were most courteously treated, and there was not even a collection!

An easy road from the city leads to the Sparrow Hills, the gentle eminence whence Napoleon, on September 14th, 1812, had his first view of Moscow. During our visit there fell some rain, and a subsequent rainbow encircling the vast plain was a sight to remember with delight. The many-coloured domes of the distant city glittered grandly in the sunset, but far grander must have been the prospect presented to the eye of the would-be conqueror a century ago, when Moscow and its Kremlin shone in their fullest beauty.

On this eminence Napoleon reached the pinnacle of his so-called glory; henceforth nothing but disaster pursued his ruthless

steps. Within a month from the date above named he began his terrible retreat.

"The scourge of Heaven—what Terrors round him wait;
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind."

Of all possible excursions from Moscow none can rival in interest that to the famous shrine of Russian pilgrimage, the Troitsa Monastery.

This fortress-shrine is reached by rail in about two hours, and is yearly visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Holy Russia. Within its embattled walls are contained about a dozen sacred places of worship, most of which stand in open spaces wherein we saw scores of weary travellers lying asleep on the bare ground, bearing in their worn-out and unkempt condition signs of long and painful journeyings. St. Sergius founded this famous shrine nearly six centuries ago, and he appears to have been a man of real merit who, notwithstanding his counsel and blessing being sought by princes, remained to the last a holy and humble man of heart, content to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water among the brotherhood of the

institution to which his very name has been destined to impart enduring fame. What would have been his feelings had he foreseen that centuries afterwards his very bones, enshrined in gorgeous splendour, would have been converted into *idols*, and that his "Ikon" or fancied portrait would have been borne into battle by Peter the Great; displayed also at the carnage of Borodino; and finally flaunted in fight during the Crimean campaign! One wonders whether Tommy Atkins ever came in sight of it and, if so, what he thought of it!

Upon the beautiful and priceless objects here collected (illuminated books, MSS., rich vestments, etc.) there is no space to dilate; every one of its separate buildings is more or less a treasure-house of art. The crowds of visitors who annually admire or worship at its shrines must all carry away with them visions of beauty to gladden in years to come their social or solitary hours. By means of them Sergius has been an indirect benefactor to his species in ways of which he never dreamed.

But to this fair picture there is another side. Within easy distance of this splendid monastery stands the Hermitage of Gethsemane, containing within its precincts under-

ground cells, or living catacombs, wherein men live voluntarily immured, followers of that strange delusion which in all ages, and in connection with so many religions, has led human beings to seek to "merit heaven by making earth a hell." The writer was allowed to descend the steps leading from the open air down into the gloomy passage leading to the cells, and he penetrated far enough to hear in the darkness the dolorous chant of some subterranean devotee. It was a De Profundis in deed and in truth, and by no means sorry was the visitor to reascend the worn and broken steps, and breathe once more the pure fresh air of heaven.

Many are the miscellaneous attractions of Moscow, and among the most interesting is the house of the Romanoffs, on the site of which was born Michael, the founder of this famous dynasty. Of the original building little remains beyond the walls, but the interior has been restored and converted into a museum of antiquities relating to Russian social life. The Church of St. Basil, with its eleven domes of divers colours, is one of the oddest pieces of ecclesiastical architecture ever reared by man, and its association with such names as those of Ivan the Idiot and Ivan the Terrible, both real historical characters,

seem specially appropriate to its *bizarre* design. But one would be loth to miss it; after one visit one longs to see it again. Like some of our English churches during the Commonwealth this cathedral was for some time used as a stable during the short-lived French occupation of 1812.

PART III.—THE CRIMEA.

For so many years had it been my dream to visit this famous region that now, to leave Russia without seeing it, I should have deemed almost a crime. From boyhood my taste had run in the direction of warlike literature, and here let me record my unbounded gratitude to the great work of Sir Archibald Alison, whose "History of Europe from the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo" is entitled, by its lucidity of narrative, painstaking research, accuracy of detail, and comprehensive grasp of its vast subject, to rank among the deservedly enduring books of the Victorian age. The humorous criticism that it was written to prove that Providence was always on the side of the Tories has a strange foundation in fact, inasmuch as when Mr. Fox and the Whigs argued on the side of our foes, the Tories stuck steadily to their country's (and

to Europe's) cause, and by their energy, boldness, and tenacity ultimately brought about the downfall of England's greatest enemy. The Whigs of that generation, with all their virtues, were rather lacking in patriotism; the Tories, with all their faults, possessed it; therefore mankind may ever be thankful that Providence *was* on their side, and enabled them, in Mr. Pitt's words, to "save England by their energy and Europe by their example."

And so, with this monument of industrious genius as a text-book, I devoured every book I could meet with bearing on the great events connected with that stirring period, until the military and naval history of the time, especially that of Great Britain, had become fairly familiar. Throughout my youth England had many "little wars," but they were in far-off lands and with alien races; but in 1854 the real thing came almost to our doors, and there occurred an opportunity of realising what I had often wondered, namely, how our forefathers felt when every hour might come fraught with news of mingled triumph and loss, from their own armies in the field. And my first experience of this kind will never be forgotten. It was on an autumn Sunday

morning when I suddenly came across a newspaper placard announcing the first battle of the Crimean War, that of the Alma. It was a victory, but alas! dearly won: 2,000 British soldiers killed and wounded were said to be its price. The mingled emotions then excited remain with me to this hour, and make the recollections of that Russian War as lively as those of much later and equally important events in our national history.

I hope my gentle readers will pardon these egotistical sentences, but in any case I fear I may be obliged, in speaking about the Crimea, to make frequent use of the first personal singular. But it shall not be oftener than can possibly be helped.

The sleeping-car train from Moscow to Sevastopol takes about forty hours, and mostly runs through a very flat country. As the Crimea is approached the scenery improves, and at last becomes picturesque. Arriving about ten o'clock on a fine summer morning, we were whirled along amid clouds of dust to a very well-placed hotel, where we had expected *to be* expected. What followed may be thus summarised: "Well, here we

are! "Good, but who are you?" "Why, the folks who wrote you from Moscow." "But we have not heard from Moscow!" "That seems odd; but, anyhow, let's have rooms. By the way, any letters for us?" "You shall see." And then they produce a batch of letters, addressed to all and sundry, for us to make a selection, and among them we found our *own* letter directed to this very hotel, which the intelligent "administration" had carefully placed unopened among those to be retained for their guests!

After breakfast, out we sauntered to discover "the lie of the spot," and upon a little terrace overlooking the bay saw two gentlemen conversing, whom we took to be English. As true Britons we ought, I suppose, to have passed by on the other side, but for once the truly patriotic impulse to shun the society of one's own fellow-countrymen, while travelling abroad, was resolutely and heroically overcome, and we went up and spoke to them. They were leaving by steamer that afternoon, but they obligingly gave us some valuable hints by which we greatly profited during our stay.

"One crowded hour of glorious life" is vividly remembered, and a pretty stiff day

it was. Under the guidance of a very intelligent Russian, whom the British Vice-Consul kindly placed at our disposal, a start was made early to see all we could. The roads were awful, the carriage was a bone-shaker, the horses were nags of spirit, and our driver was a Jehu. But little we recked, for were we not exploring a region consecrated for ever by the remembrance of patient endurance and heroic valour unsurpassed in human history! Where did we go? Where did we *not*! Let me recall some disjointed scenes: Right and left of us, in front and behind, stretched the district of those far-famed trenches where our troops so long fought, suffered, starved, and died. Still traceable are the mounds of the Malakhof and Redan, on the slopes of which human bones were still to be picked up. Look at that unpretentious farm-house: there Raglan lived and died. And what is this wide expanse which unfolds itself before us? It is the valley *of* valleys: sometimes called the "Valley of Death," but for all times the Valley of Glory. Here took place the two great cavalry charges: the one which was "magnificent but *not* war," the other which was equally magnificent and true war as well. It is an irony of historic Fate that

Scarlett's Heavy Brigade charge which wrought such wonders should have been pushed aside, as it were, by the dreadful blunder of the commanders in the affair of the Light Cavalry ; each was equally heroic, but the one was a display of fruitful, the other of fruitless, valour. Then on to the little town of Balaklava with its tiny, almost land-locked, but deep and serviceable harbour. We took a small boat and rowed outside ; at a very short distance from shore the narrow entrance is hardly discernible. Up to now the weather had been dull, but the afternoon proved fine, and brilliant sunshine lit up the exquisite coast whereon stands the Monastery of St. George, which once served as the French headquarters, and was also associated for a while with the pleasant memory of Florence Nightingale. Then came a veritable contrast to all the sights of the day in the shape of the Ruins of Chersonesus, the old Greek city which dominated the Euxine 2,500 years ago. To trudge over the rough ground wherein lie buried, or whereon still stand, the relics of former power and glory, was rather exhausting after a fatiguing day, but refuge came at last within the walls of the imposing "Cathedral of the Mother of God," which is

itself believed to stand upon the site of an ancient temple of Aphrodite.

It was upon this same day that we visited the cemetery where are collected many of the remains of the French soldiers who perished during the siege. This French cemetery is well kept, and has some good sepulchral buildings, but its general aspect strikes one as being almost too stiff and formal. The stately Russian cemetery on the north side of the harbour contains a very grand church and commands splendid views over city, land, and sea. The principal Russian generals who commanded during that terrible time lie there interred, and some of the monuments are very imposing. The principal naval heroes have a separate place of sepulture, the "Church of the Four Admirals" inside the city. On a raised platform within the cemetery are ranged six English cannon, a sight displeasing to a Briton's eye, until one recalls that they were taken on Balaklava morning, *not* from the British but from the Turks, to whom they had been *lent* to defend the redoubts which these worthies abandoned at the beginning of the fight.

Widely different in character from these two cemeteries is the quiet enclosure on

Cathcart's Hill, where in lie the remains of many thousand British soldiers who died and were interred in the Crimea itself. Eight thousand of our heroes are said to be buried in the beautiful cemetery at Scutari, which overlooks the Bosphorus and Golden Horn; but far larger must be the number whose last resting-place is here. It was on a lovely Sunday evening that we visited this hallowed spot, whose quiet seclusion, peaceful surroundings, and simple monuments recalled to our minds the idea of a country churchyard at home. In Dr. Russell's famous letters to the *Times*, written from the Crimea during the war, he made mention of some of the simple monuments of affection and esteem erected, in many cases by the hands of private soldiers, to the memory of friends slain in battle or killed by disease; for these memorials I searched eagerly, and found them, every one. Since the war many more imposing structures have been reared, some in honour of the officers and men of whole regiments, but these rough memorials erected with ruder materials in the very midst of the strife appeal most to the heart. As might be expected, many of the tombstones bear texts of Scripture. Upon one of the earliest that was raised to a regimental

captain by the men of his company, are carved the words, "Cast down, but not destroyed." Upon another, "Blessed are the servants whom the Lord when He comes shall find watching." On another, "Unto the Lord I lift up my soul." And it need scarcely be said that it is among the graves of the Naval Brigade that this characteristically altered verse is found, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise *cast off*."

Nor must there be forgotten the delightful afternoon when, upon a steam-launch kindly provided by the Vice-Consul, we explored the harbour as far as the foot of those Inkerman Heights whereon the Russians gave our generals such an unpleasant and sanguinary surprise on the early morning of November 5th, 1854. Then took place that "Soldiers' Battle" than which no more difficult and glorious triumph has ever been achieved in British history. One of our companions was an English gentleman who had served in the Crimea as a regimental officer, and has since filled some high positions in the Consular service. These, being chiefly connected with Russia, enabled him to impart some most interesting information concerning the country in general, for which we then felt, and still feel, very grateful.

The long day's journey of eleven hours, from Sevastopol to Yalta, is one of great variety. Nearly as far as the great arch called the Baidar Gate, the roads are rough and the country rugged; but once passed through it the scenery becomes enchanting. The best views of the French and Italian Riviera are more than equalled, and, hundreds of feet below, the so-called Black Sea lay calm as a lake and rivalled in brilliant colouring the sparkling beauty of the Mediterranean. Livadia, the Czar's summer retreat, lies on the road to Yalta, but there was not time to visit it. The many Tartar villages through which we passed seemed mainly neat and clean.

The morning we left the Crimea, upon a steamer from Yalta to Odessa, a very pretty scene occurred as the boat left the harbour. Among the passengers was an evidently popular professor, who, with his family, was apparently leaving the place for good. The pier above us was crowded with students bent upon giving their late master a good send-off. The departure bell sounded, and as the boat slowly moved away suddenly every right hand was upraised and a perfect shower of beautiful roses descended on the deck. Mr. and Mrs. Professor bowed and smiled their grateful acknowledgments, the

crowd of students cheered vociferously, and continued doing so until their voices were lost in the distance. Then came the reverse of the picture. The many passengers on board the steamer wanted, of course, to move about, and so, as they could not do so while these floral tributes littered the deck, a couple of stout sailors armed with brooms appeared upon the scene, and in a few minutes every flower, except a few of the better ones, was swept into the sea. The clever manner in which these roses had been kept concealed by the students until the moment of parting arrived was beyond all praise.

The sea journey from Yalta to Odessa took close upon thirty hours, and, the weather being fine, we enjoyed in perfect comfort the beautiful coast along which we passed. The latest view connected with the Crimean War was when passing towards evening the mouth of the River Alma, the opening scene of that mighty conflict. It is in size an insignificant stream, but it marks great events, and hence takes its place among the famous rivers of history.

"O! thou river, dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea."

Malapropisms.

Malapropisms.

The strange, sometimes jocular, sometimes accidental, but mostly ignorant, misapplication of words which goes by the above name (said name being derived, as we know, from the bright invention of Sheridan) still flourishes among us, and is in its way so amusing, occasionally so side-splitting, that one looks forward with dismay to what it may still be hoped is the far-off day when School Boards will reign supreme, and the national gaiety be eclipsed by the destruction of such charming errors. We can afford to admit universal accuracy of grammar; to acquiesce, though not without a pang, in the invariably correct use of the aspirate; but spare, oh! spare us for just a few years longer the delightful slips of the tongue which fall like pearls from the lips of dear Mrs. Malaprop.

It is not the mere mispronunciation of words which falls within this category.

For instance, to pronounce "surreptitious" as *surreptuous*, or "simultaneous" as *simultuous*, or "ostracized" as *ostracated*—these are not "malaprops"; but to use a word of similar sound, but of quite a different meaning from the word one wants to employ, that *is* a malaprop.

These things sometimes occur through errors in printing. One intelligent compositor, describing a railway accident due to cattle straying on the line, printed the engine as having literally *cut a cow into cakes*. Another, reporting an enthusiastic meeting in Hyde Park, spoke of the audience as *rending the air with their snouts*. A city editor was once made to speak of a certain Company as making a new issue of several thousand *snares*. (Perhaps this was prophetical!) An explosion having taken place, the bystanders were represented as being *putrified with terror*. The telegraph also bears a share in these mistakes. A provincial agitator once waxed eloquent over Cato and Brutus, but the copy described him as speaking of *Cats and Brutes*. Even Parliamentary speakers sometimes get misreported between Westminster and Fleet Street: "My noble friend shakes his head," once remarked Mr. Gladstone, but Lord Harting-

ton was surprised next morning to find himself spoken of as "having *shaved* his head." A right reverend speaker at a Church Congress must have stood aghast at finding himself reported as having spoken of Jeremy Taylor under the title of "A journeyman tailor." And finally it is related that Lord Beaconsfield was once greatly amused at reading of his having metaphorically spoken of two "*consternations* in one hemisphere."

Sometimes, of course, these jokes are intentional, as when Lord Houghton is said to have described a Plymouth Brother as a "Yarmouth Bloater." And perhaps the wittiest thing of all is when a great Biblical critic (I think Dean Burgon) spoke of the Revised Version as a *Reversed Vision*.

False metaphors are the besetting sins of public speakers; happy the man who has not made some during his career. A military speaker once declared that the "pale face of the British soldier was the back-bone of the Indian Army." Another said of a certain proposed extra expenditure that it was but "a flea-bite in the ocean." And a New York orator, waxing warm, declared that "Liberty was being stabbed to the heart by policemen's clubs."

But the best and truest malaprops are those which unconsciously occur in casual conversation. Let us imagine a little quiet talk among a few ladies accidentally assembled at an afternoon tea. They shall meet in suburbia, and be denoted by initials.

Mrs. A. (the hostess): "So, dear Mrs. B., we are going to lose you from the neighbourhood?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes; of course we are sorry to leave our friends here, but are bound to think of our children. My girls, for instance, are growing up and ought really to see something of society. You see, they are very lively, and find life about here rather monopolous."

Mrs. C.: "Well, I am sure we shall miss them very much; as I said to my husband when we gave our last party, your daughters' beauty quite eradicated the room."

Mrs. B.: "Thanks, awfully; it is very kind of you to say so; of course, when we move to town their educational advantages will be much improved, because I shall send them at once to a first-class West End Cemetery."

Scene in a Smoking Carriage : Husbands of the above returning from the City.

Mr. A. : "So poor Scrooge has gone at last. I expect he has died worth a good deal of money."

Mr. B. : "Why, my dear fellow, he must have calumniated an *immense* fortune. What did he die of ?"

Mr. C. : "Well, I'm told he went off in a eucalyptic fit."

Mr. D. : "Dear, dear ! how time passes ! Poor Scrooge and I were at school together, and I remember what a fine atlantic young fellow he was. So fond of games too ; didn't seem to care about business. Who would have thought that he would have grown to be a perfect Crocus ?"

Mr. A. (thoughtfully) : "Ah ! well ; it is what we must all come to. If I only thought I should leave behind me half as much as I suppose he has I should die happy. Got a light, old chap ?"

Two Old Friends Meeting at "The Stores" :

Mrs. X. : "My dear Mrs. Z., how glad I am to see you again ! Why, it seems ages since we met—and how are you all ?"

Mrs. Z. : "Quite well, thank you! And you, and your good gentleman?"

Mrs. X. : "Oh yes! we are all in a flutter just now. Have you heard of my girl's pregagement?"

Mrs. Z. : "I heard a hint of it; I hope it is to your satisfaction."

Mrs. X. : "Oh dear, yes! He is quite well off, but what, of course, pleases us most is that it has been quite an affair of pure sediment from first to last."

Mrs. Z. : "Oh, how sweet! You must really ask her to give me a call some afternoon and bring her financier along with her."

Mrs. X. : "Thanks awfully; and how is your dear little girl?"

Mrs. Z. : "Oh, bless her! she has just begun to learn the piano; it is such fun to see her trying to play: her little fingers can scarcely stretch an octagon, but she does try so hard. I heard you were going to move?"

Mrs. X. : "Well, so we were. Our landlord was so hard: but now he's quite come round, and promised us a new chanticleer for our drawing-room, so we are going to stay a bit."

Mrs. Z. : "Well, I must say good-bye.

My poor dog is waiting for me downstairs, and I am afraid he will be quite impatient."

Mrs. X. : "Why, was it that beautiful pomergeranium I saw tied up at the door?"

Mrs. Z. : "Yes; papa gave it me only last week."

Mrs. X. : "How good of him. Ta-ta! Hope we shall meet again soon."

Friends part.

The Cheerful Cottager.

District Visitor (calling at a cottage): "Good-morning, Mrs. *G.*! I hope I see you well?"

Mrs. G. : "Nicely, mum, thank you; and how's yourself?"

D. V. : "Very well, thank you. I called because I heard Mr. *G.* had been ill."

Mrs. G. : "Oh, thank you, mum! *G. had* an ulster in his throat, but the doctor gave him a dose or two of panegyric, and now he is all right again."

D. V. : "That's well: I'm glad to hear it. By the way, I have not seen your son about lately."

Mrs. G. : "Well, mum, he had a touch of haricot veins, but the doctor got him something for it, and now he is at work as usual."

D. V. : "And oh! by the way, I have not

heard of your daughter lately. I hope she is comfortable in her new place?"

Mrs. G.: "Well, you see, mum, it is just like this. She seemed to be threatened with conjunction of the lungs, so her mistress very kindly got her an indoors letter to the Mount Vermin Hospital at Hampstead, where she is getting on quite grand-like. She had her portrait taken the other day. Would you like to see it? It is what they call a vinegarette."

D. V.: "Thanks, another time. I suppose the parson has been to see you?"

Mrs. G.: "Oh yes, mum. He is very kind. We are always so glad to see him. You see, he has been the Incumbrance of our Parish for so many years that we all love him like a father."

D. V.: "That's all right. Well, I will call again soon. Good-morning!"

Mrs. G.: "Good-morning, mum, and thank you kindly."

THE P.'S AND Q.'S MEET AT LYONS'S IN PICCADILLY.

Mrs. P. and *Mrs. Q.* (speaking together): "How glad to meet one another again, and how have you enjoyed your holidays? Been abroad again, I suppose, as usual?"

Mrs. P. (speaking first): "Yes; my husband always likes to spend the Long Vocation on the Continent. You see, he is so artistic and quite a curaçoa of pictures. Besides, we took our son with us this year, because I think that foreign travel so distends the mind. And where have *you* been?"

Mrs. Q.: "Oh, we stopped at home this year, and paid our first visit to the Emigrant Isle. Those dear Irish! they are *so* delightful!"

Mrs. P.: "And what is their travelling like?"

Mrs. Q.: "Oh! railways, but not so comfortable as in England. There is so much osculation. But we generally managed to get a coupon to ourselves, and so kept pretty comfortable. And then there were the jaunty cars, with such dear drivers!"

Mrs. P.: "How delightful! I really must take Mr. P. there next year. Ever since I came to years of distraction I wanted to see Ireland. I do get so tired walking about picture galleries; sometimes I feel as if I could scarcely put one leg between the other."

Mrs. Q.: "Well, I must be off now to catch the Tube. So pleased to have met

you. How delightful it is to talk over these old remittances!"

Ladies embrace and part.

The above are but a few from a small collection of similar gems. Again may their collector be allowed to deprecate the approaching period when Britain will become quite *correct*. The reference here is, of course, only to her mode of speech: her manners and morals are quite "another pair of sleeves!"

Lapses of memory have not come within the scope of this brief paper, but the following (true, not invented) instance of absence of mind seems too good to be unrecorded. It relates to a gentleman named Biddle, who lived many years ago:

"On one occasion he went to make a call upon a friend. The servant asked him for his name, but he could not remember it, and so went away. Shortly afterwards a friend met him in the street, and accosted him: 'How do you do, Mr. Biddle?' 'Oh, Biddle, Biddle, Biddle!—that's the name,' cried he, and rushed off to pay his call before he had time to forget it again."

Izaak Walton's "Lives":

Robert Sanderson.

Walton's "Lives": Another Dip—Robert Sanderson

On a previous occasion, in another little book, attention was drawn to the famous "Lives" of Izaak Walton, and particularly that of George Herbert. Izaak's "Lives," as then pointed out, comprised a great deal of varied information about the times in which his heroes lived, and very curious and remarkable some of these items are. In connection with the Life of Herbert he makes mention of that remarkable character, Nicholas Farrer, who founded at Little Gidding the strange establishment whose quaint manners and customs Walton describes in full. At the mature age of six years, a time of life when one cannot help thinking he would have been better employed in playing hide-and-seek, marbles, and the like, Nicholas was already called a little

"saint," and although it frequently happens that prematurely small saints develop into rather large sinners, such does not appear to have been the case with him, and Izaak tells us that the religious establishment which he afterwards founded was constructed on the strictest principles of monastic devotion. His "family," as he called them, were about thirty in number; part of his kindred, part chosen friends. They read matins every morning at six, either in church or at home; they spent some hours in singing hymns or anthems; then took themselves to meditation or private prayer. In case the Psalms were not always read in the day he and others did at night, at the ring of a watch-bell, go to church: "and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before, sometimes after, midnight; and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying, or singing lauds to God, or reading the Psalms: and when, after some hours they also grew weary or faint, then they rung the watch-bell, and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society which continued their devotions until morning. And it is to be

noted that in this continued serving of God the Psalter, or whole Book of Psalms, was in every four-and-twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse, and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again same instant that it ended."

At first sight one can scarcely conceive of a more utterly useless life than the one here portrayed. Independently of any other consideration, it must be obvious that this perpetual reiteration of sacred words must in time become mechanical, and render the words themselves monotonous if not often absolutely meaningless in the mouth of the reciter at the time of their being spoken. Honest Hugh Latimer, a hundred years before, in his homely way had described the really godly life in a way directly contrasting with that above depicted, if indeed the latter by itself deserves the name of godly life at all.

Latimer's words deserve quotation :

"We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, which, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, in so much as none at that time did the like ; to whom came a voice from Heaven saying : 'Anthony, thou art not so

perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria.' Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, 'Come, and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time?' 'Sir,' said the cobbler, 'as for me, good works have I none: for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, specially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have. After, I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it and perform it truly, and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life.'

"In this story you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation and live uprightly, without any falsehood in their dealing. This Anthony was a great holy man, yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he. And no doubt the man that plieth his occupation truly, without any fraud or deceit, the same is acceptable to God, and he shall have everlasting life."

But in justice to Nicholas Farrer, it must be added that many of his household were trained to the performance of daily duty in the way of medical and other ministration to the sick and struggling poor. And if they were also trained to deem such duties as more important than those of routine ritual and perpetual psalm-singing, criticism must be silent, and praise given instead.

It is related of Prince Albert that once, when a grand Church function was being arranged, which proposed to combine the full Morning Service, the Litany and the Communion, he rather demurred to the repetition of so many prayers for the royal family and enquired whether they could not be somewhat abridged. Whereupon some complaisant courtier is said to have remarked, "Does your Royal Highness consider we can pray too much for our beloved Sovereign?" to which the Prince replied, "No, not *too much*, but possibly *too often*." A true and delicate distinction, as well as a just retort.

Robert Sanderson.

This honoured worthy, of whom Izaak is able to speak with freedom and knowledge, inasmuch as they were personal friends, is remarkable for having been the composer of

(1) one among the most widely known, and (2) the one almost utterly unknown, portions of the Book of Common Prayer. The first is the Prayer for "all sorts and conditions of men," which is doubtless one of the best compositions of the kind in our language. The second is the "Preface," beginning with the words "It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England." I wonder how many people have ever read this through—in fact, how many people have read it at all? Like the prayer above mentioned, this Preface was added to the Book at the time of its Revision at the Restoration, and one must confess it is decidedly dry. Now who was Robert Sanderson, and how did he come to be mixed up with the Anglican Liturgy?

Robert had been educated for the Church, and was, besides, a first-rate classical scholar. Izaak tells us that "His memory was so matchless and firm, as it was only overcome by his bashfulness; for he alone, or to a friend, could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book, and would say the repetition of one of the Odes of Horace to himself was to him such music as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it to themselves or friends."

He was one of the chaplains of Charles I., who said that he "carried his ears" to hear the other chaplains but "his conscience" when he went to hear Dr. Sanderson; a remark not very complimentary to the other chaplains, and which some people might think did not altogether prove the good doctor's own success as a casuist. As an ordinary preacher he, although always sound, was not altogether what is called popular, being accustomed to rely too much upon his book, and in this connection Walton tells the following anecdote:

"About this time his dear and most intimate friend, the learned Dr. Hammond, came to enjoy a conversation and rest with him for some days; and did so. And having formerly persuaded him to trust his excellent memory, and not read, but try to speak a sermon as he had writ it, Dr. Sanderson became so compliant as to promise he would. And to that end they two went early the Sunday following to a neighbour minister, and requested to exchange a sermon*; and they did so. And at Dr. Sanderson's going into the pulpit, he gave his sermon (which was a very short one) into the hand of Dr. Hammond, intending to preach it as it was writ: but before he had preached a third part, Dr. Hammond (looking on his

* *i.e.*, Pulpit.

sermon as written) observed him to be out, and so lost as to the matter, that he also became afraid for him, for it was discernible to many of the plain auditory. But when he had ended this short sermon, as they two walked homeward, Dr. Sanderson said with much earnestness, 'Good Doctor, give me my sermon, and know, that neither you, nor any man living, shall ever persuade me to preach again without my book.' To which the reply was: 'Good Doctor, be not angry: for if I ever persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all those that I am master of.'"

It is one of the great charms of Izaak's biographies that he introduces us, in a chatty informal manner, into the company of various folks of whom we should otherwise know very little, but who, on account of the good service they rendered their generation, deserve to be kept in remembrance. And the following little anecdote bearing upon a now forgotten worthy, and illustrating also the temper of the times when King James's translation of the Bible was made, deserves quotation:

"Dr. Kelbie was also so perfect a Grecian that he was by King James appointed to be one of the translators of the Bible; and this Doctor and Mr. Sanderson had frequent discourses, and loved as father and son. The

Doctor was to ride a journey into Derbyshire, and took Mr. Sanderson to bear him company; and they, going together on a Sunday with the Doctor's friend to that parish church where they then were, found the young preacher to have no more discretion than to waste a great part of the hour allotted for his sermon in exceptions against the late translation of several words (not expecting such a hearer as Dr. Kelbie) and shewed three reasons why a particular word should have been otherwise translated. When Evening Prayer was ended the preacher was invited to the Doctor's friend's house, where, after some other conference, the Doctor told him, 'He might have preached more useful doctrine, and not filled his auditors' ears with needless exceptions against the late translation; and for that *word*, for which he offered to that poor congregation *three* reasons why it ought to have been translated as he said, he and others had considered all them, and found *thirteen* more considerable reasons why it was translated as now printed;' and told him, 'If his friend' (then attending him) 'should prove guilty of such indiscretion, he should forfeit his favour.' To which Mr. Sanderson said, 'He hoped he should not.' And the preacher was so ingenuous as to say 'He would not justify himself.'"

Robert Sanderson was by birth a Yorkshireman, and Walton justly describes him as being not only "learned" but also

"humble and meek." None can dispute the claim of Yorkshiremen to becoming learned if they choose, and Walton's testimony shows that they are also capable even of meekness and humility if they think it worth while to give their minds to it. At Oxford our Robert became in due time a Fellow of Lincoln, that small but distinguished college which bears upon its list of Fellows not only the name of Sanderson but also the world-famous name of John Wesley. On a previous occasion we have seen that to Archbishop Laud's influence the Church of England owed George Herbert, and it was the same clear-sighted judge of character who introduced Sanderson to the notice of King Charles. Up to the fiftieth year of his age his life had flowed in a calm tranquil stream, but then, alas! for him, arose the troubles between the King and Parliament, in the course of which there sprang into being that most remarkable body, the Westminster Assembly of Divines. On this body Sanderson was invited to sit, but, happily for his peace of mind, he declined the seductive offer.

What a ménagerie that Assembly was! A collection of clergy and laymen gathered together from all quarters, with the presumed

design of restoring peace to a distracted realm, but mostly "hating each other for the love of God." John Selden used to move about among them, annoying many divines with references to his pocket Greek Testament, proving the inaccuracy of many a plausible gloss which they had placed upon the words of Scripture. Another of its members was Francis Rous, Provost of Eton College, who, curiously enough, although an Englishman, is author of the famous "Scotch Psalms," which for over 250 years have, with alterations, constituted the chief ritual of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. This book was published in 1643 under the title of "Psalmes of David in English meeter." The Westminster Assembly, after making the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey ring with clamorous disputations, finally bolted whole the Solemn League and Covenant, the result being the complete abolition of the Book of Common Prayer, and the setting up in its place of a Directory of Public Worship. In addition, they published a Confession of Faith, and are also responsible for the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, which have been the terror of the youth of Scotland for so many generations. During all this time good Robert Sanderson

lay low and said nothing; and, although his soul was disquieted within him, he seems to have seen no good in running his head into a hornet's nest. But he could not altogether escape the troubles of that distracted time. And his troubles fell out in this wise:

It is during the height of the Civil War that the Royalists gain a slight advantage in the capture of Belvoir Castle, wherein they find, to their great delight, a certain Mr. Clarke, whom they know to be a very active minister on the Parliamentary side, and whom they, of course, regard as a trumpeter of sedition. With this great prize they march in triumph back to Newark, where poor Clarke is securely confined as a Prisoner of War. The Parliamentarians, quartered at Lincoln, are much perturbed at the loss of a man so active and useful for his party, and they say among themselves, What shall we do? For a while they are perplexed, but then a happy thought strikes them. Lo! there is Dr. Sanderson who liveth not far away; he is a malignant, although a quiet one, and the King thinks much of him; let us send and seize *him* in Clarke's place! So one morning poor Robert, perhaps pottering about among his flowers, or perhaps studying in his library,

finds his rectory suddenly surrounded by a troop of mounted Roundheads sent to bring him a prisoner to Lincoln. Willy-nilly off he goes, and there happily finds many friends, who assure him that they are awfully sorry to put him to any inconvenience, but that, nevertheless, he will have to stop there until the other side set Mr. Clarke free. In vain doth our Robert allege that he had nothing to do with that worthy's capture ; his friends say they know all that already, but that anyhow he will have to stop till the said Clarke is out of custody, and that, meanwhile, the best thing he can do is to grin and bear it. Finally, Mr. Clarke is released, and his innocent and most unwilling hostage is at liberty to return home under a safeguard that he shall henceforth live undisturbed. As a matter of fact he did not always do so, because marauding Roundheads, in their zeal for true religion, would now and then look him up, sometimes plundering his house, and once even assaulting himself. However, all's well that ends well, and by the exhibition of the well-known Yorkshire quality of patience, he managed to retain his living and (as Walton puts it) "enjoy a poor but contented subsistence for himself, wife, and children, till

the happy restoration of our King and Church."

When the Restoration came a man of such ability, learning, and sterling worth was sure to be called to the front, and in 1660 Robert was made Bishop of the vast diocese of Lincoln, and afterwards appointed Moderator in the abortive Savoy Conference of 1662, after which, as we have seen, he took part in the final revision of the restored Book of Common Prayer. As Moderator, Baxter says he showed "great peevishness," but it is to be feared that sometimes our good Richard might be a shade peevish too. It was a little before this time that Izaak Walton records the following pleasant story. One's imagination pleasingly dwells upon the picture of those two old worthies, Izaak, aged perhaps sixty-five, and Sanderson over seventy—talking in the rain under a city gateway, and afterwards repairing to a neighbouring coffee house to finish their chat to the congenial accompaniments of bread, cheese, good sound ale, and a nice cheerful fire.

"One day I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been

to buy a little book which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse (for it began to rain), and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire, for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations with much clearness and conscientious freedom."

Good Bishop Sanderson survived his elevation to the Episcopal Bench scarcely three years, and oh! "the pity of it," that at such a time his "sweet reasonableness" should have been lost to the realm. "The times were out of joint," and of all things the rough surgery of cruel persecution was the least calculated to "set them right." Had there only been more prelates of the wise and gentle type of Robert Sanderson there need, perhaps, never have existed between the Establishment and Nonconformity that bitter spirit, some traces of which, although under such totally diverse circumstances, survive even to the present day.

Izaak's biographies are interesting throughout, and if his style seems sometimes to

verge upon the verbose, he soon wakes us up again by some little touch of character which is very entertaining. For example, he tells us that his friend, despite his Yorkshire descent, was much given to shyness, which he himself ascribed to his comparatively narrow surroundings in early life. Said he one day to Walton, "O! that I had gone chaplain to that excellently accomplished gentleman, your friend, Sir Henry Wotton, which was once intended when he first went Ambassador to the State of Venice; for by that employment I had been forced into a necessity of conversing, not with him only, but with several men of several nations, and might thereby have kept myself from my unmanly bashfulness, which has proved very troublesome, and not less inconvenient to me, and which I now fear is become so habitual as never to leave me." The same faithful biographer tells us that Sanderson used to divert his mind after graver studies with the subject of "genealogies and heraldry, so that, when his thoughts were harassed with any perplexed studies, he left off, and turned to them as a recreation, and that his very recreation had made him so perfect in them that he could in a very short time give an account of the

descent, arms, and antiquity of any family of the nobility or gentry of this nation."

Bishop Sanderson died at the age of seventy-six, and in his will left special directions that his funeral should be conducted with "as little noise, pomp, and charge as may be," and that his funeral sermon should contain "wholesome discourse" concerning mortality, the Resurrection of the Dead, etc., but "nothing concerning himself either good or ill." He also desired that no costly monument should be erected to his memory, and these wishes were duly observed, no one thinking that sixteen years afterwards a monument more enduring than brass or marble would be erected to his memory in the immortal page of Izaak Walton.

It is in these words that the "Compleat Angler" sums up the life of his departed friend:

"Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. It is now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age: but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say 'Amen.'"

Eccentricities of American Religious Life

By G. S.

Eccentricities of American Religious Life.

In no place in the wide world do various peculiar sects flourish as they do in the United States, and it seems that any individual is able to get some sort of a following, no matter how strange his, or her, ideas may be. The names of some of these bodies are odd: for example, "The Holy Ghost and Us," and the "Pillars of Fire," while a sect recently formed has for its motto the words "Doubt and be Damned." On walking through the streets of an American city remarkable signs meet the eye at times, of which two in Los Angeles, California, may be mentioned: So-and-So, "Divine Metaphysician," and a board fastened to the side of a house bearing the legend, in large letters, "Chromophsychomental Institute."

In a central part of this town there is a park which was long a favourite haunt for

those wishing to air their ideas upon any subject, among whom was a local celebrity known as "Lewis the Light": such a nuisance did these orators finally become that an ordinance was passed prohibiting public speaking in the park. Shortly after this prohibition became effective President McKinley was assassinated, and memorial services were held in the park, when, lo and behold! one Taylor brought suit against the city authorities, claiming that they had violated the ordinance in allowing this meeting to be held. It subsequently developed that Taylor considered himself much aggrieved, for, in the words of a newspaper account, he admitted having formerly "perfumed the air of the park with his eloquence."

Near this park, one Sunday afternoon, the writer observed a meeting and, upon investigating, found a street preacher holding forth. The speaker was shabbily dressed, and instead of a linen wore a black leather collar, probably to save laundry bills. After touching upon various topics he commenced to denounce the Pope of Rome in unmeasured terms, whereupon he was stopped by one of the audience, who threatened to strike him unless he ceased his abuse. "If

you hit me," said the preacher, "your hand will wither; you are no better than that lying devil sitting on the kerb-stone." This naturally called attention to the gentleman to whom the speaker referred in such an uncomplimentary manner, who, however, took absolutely no notice, but remained seated and calmly continued smoking his pipe. Evidently there had previously been a somewhat heated argument: comparative quiet was finally restored as the preacher passed on from the Pope to other subjects.

Volumes might be written describing the doings of the "Followers of the Apostolic Faith," commonly called the "Holy Rollers," who differ from most sects by talking gibberish and imagining that they have the gift of tongues. The writer, with friends, attended some of their meetings in Los Angeles, and, upon asking the way, was told to walk along the street a little farther, when he would hear them shouting, which proved to be the case. The meeting-place was originally a barn, or warehouse of some kind, the interior of which had been whitewashed and furnished with seats and electric lights. The meetings were extremely informal; one would get up and give a little talk in English, followed by another who,

perhaps, indulged in fearful gibberish, and those who spoke in tongues often fairly bubbled over with excitement. One man acted as interpreter, and after a long stream of gibberish from an individual who strongly resembled an idiot, the interpreter announced that "our dear brother was saying 'Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters,'" etc., etc. Then the interpreter stopped, closed his eyes, put his hand before his face, and, after an interval of silence, said "Glory, Glory." Another man got up and waved his hands about, and then placed them upon a negro's head, holding them there for some time, the negro remaining passive; others, both men and women, would work themselves up to such a pitch that they would roll upon the floor uttering peculiar sounds and finally lie still in an apparently senseless condition. The gathering seemed, instead of a religious meeting, to be a concourse of lunatics, for, with increasing enthusiasm, pandemonium reigned supreme. No distinction is made by Holy Rollers as to race or colour, and a curious collection of humanity could be seen at these meetings, including a goodly sprinkling of negroes. One evening the interpreter stated that the previous night four tongues had come to him,

one of which "sounded like Spanish," so he thought he would go as a missionary to Brazil; should he go to Brazil he might be better understood had the tongue sounded like Portuguese instead of Spanish. A member of this sect conceived the idea that he was the "Destroying Angel," so commenced his mission on earth by chopping up his household furniture with an axe, but he was soon placed in an insane asylum for safe keeping. Other Holy Rollers have distinguished themselves by making a fire and throwing all their clothes into it, while several with aquatic leanings were arrested for bathing in a reservoir which supplied a certain town with water.

Only once has the writer been privileged to see any "Holy Jumpers," a body apparently related to the foregoing sect. There were three men and three women who, when singing a hymn, would join hands and occasionally jump off the floor as high as they could: it seems hard to realise that this kind of worship can be pleasing to the Almighty, seeing that "He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man," and, as for the world to come, "there remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Possibly those who founded this sect were not only

physically, but also mentally, active, and consequently jumped at conclusions.

Passing from this extraordinary body, a few words on the doings of Mr. Benjamin Judkins will not be out of place. Mr. Judkins styles himself a Christian Philosopher, and signalised his arrival in San Diego, California, by renting a hall in which he delivered three lectures. The first lecture was a very rambling discourse on Socialism, and while waiting for the Chairman Mr. Judkins said he would give us a song, his selection being, "I would I were a bird." After this touching melody, the Chairman failing to appear, Mr. Judkins delayed no longer, but, looking fixedly at the vacant chair, commenced his lecture as follows: "Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen, your posterity were my posterity, and my posterity were your posterity" -probably by "posterity" meaning "ancestors." The second lecture was on "Despotism," the title of the third discourse being "Glories of the Age to Come," a subject upon which the speaker succeeded in throwing little light, that little being greatly diminished when some naughty boys turned out the gas, causing the lecture to end in chaos. Mr. Judkins, like others of his type, sets a high

value upon his abilities, and sometimes endeavours to sell photographs of himself which bore the inscription, "Men of the Time: Benjamin Judkins," the price asked being twenty-five cents, the equivalent of a shilling. He also distributed printed copies of some doggerel, which he dignified by the name of "poem," and these little pamphlets were certainly curiosities. Upon the outside, above the title, appeared the legend, "No copyright: Print and Circulate," and at the end of the poem were the words, "Benjamin Judkins, Author and Preacher. N.B.—I shall be glad if any can prove I have drawn on any source but my own intellect for these lines." Mr. Judkins, who hails from Hackney, London, stated that, while in Australia, he had kindled a fire among two thousand people, and it is possible that these people eventually made things so hot for him that he decided to come to the United States. So much for Judkins.

The reference to fire calls to mind the "Pillars of Fire," a sect which do not seem to be very numerous on the Pacific Coast, for as yet the writer has only seen two of the species, a male and female. Fortunately, judging by this couple, specimens are readily identified, for upon each of their hats were

the words, "Pillar of Fire" in large white letters. Save this inscription there was nothing striking about the woman, either in face, form or dress, but the man wore a kind of policeman's helmet, possibly intended to represent the "Helmet of Salvation." Last autumn, according to the newspapers, the "Pillars of Fire" were to meet at some spot in New Jersey where they were to make a huge bonfire, which was to be kept burning for a week, during which time they were to pray continually to avert a fearful fate which, were their prayers unavailing, would shortly and surely overtake the world. The writer once saw a copy of a paper called *The Burning Bush*, which, he believes, is the official organ of the "Pillars of Fire"; its circulation apparently is small, and he does not know how often it is issued.

An article of this kind would be very incomplete were no mention made of the famous John Alexander Dowie, who preached Divine healing, and founded a settlement near Chicago, which he called "Zion City." Dowie did not mince matters, and was decidedly outspoken, and, among other things, he had a rooted aversion to tobacco, and would often, in his sermons, term smokers "animated stink-pots," and quote

for their benefit the words "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still." He issued a weekly paper known as *Leaves of Healing*, in which he roundly abused those who disagreed with him, among these being the editor of a publication called the *Western Missionary Advocate*, or some such title, of whom Dowie said, "I refer personally to the editor of this Devil's Advocate; he is a scoundrel and a liar." Some time after the founding of Zion City Dowie announced that he was the prophet Elijah returned to earth, and it is said that he would occasionally attach a pair of wings to his arms, and walk up and down the platform flapping them. At one time he formed a plan to convert New York, and gave out that what he termed "The Restoration Host" would leave Zion City on a certain day, and that the train bearing them to New York would be preceded by a "Pillar of Cloud." A newspaper comment on this latter statement was: "By this the Prophet evidently means that the locomotive will burn soft coal." Needless to say, the host of Dowie's followers made a dismal failure of their mission after arriving in New York. Just before Dowie's return from a trip round the world, a triumphal arch was erected in Zion

City, upon which were the names of the principal towns visited, some of which were black and others red. If the Prophet had been favourably received in any town the letters of its name were black, but had his reception been unfavourable, red was the colour, signifying hell-fire: and it is interesting to note that among the red cities were London, Sydney, and San Francisco. That the undertakings of the Prophet were profitable is indicated by the fact that his conveyance, in and about Zion City, consisted of a carriage and four horses, presided over by a coachman in livery, and not content with this he announced that he would be taken to heaven in a chariot of fire. However, he went the way of all the earth, his last words being, it is said, "I shall return in a thousand years." Some time ago Dowie's son, Gladstone, came into prominence on account of a published statement to the effect that though arrived at man's estate he had never been kissed by a girl, after which he was frequently referred to by the Press as "Gladstone Dowie, the unkissed son."

Among the most objectionable sects are the "Holiness People," who claim that they are sanctified; one of their number, a certain

"Elder" Snook, stating that he has not sinned for twenty years. The Bishop of Arizona and New Mexico, referring to these individuals in a sermon, put the case very plainly when he said, "Some people say they are sanctified, but, of course, we do not believe them because we know they are not." The writer one evening attended a "Holiness" meeting which was held in a tent, but can give no details, for he had had rather a strenuous day: the night was cold, the tent warm, and the proceedings most uninteresting, so that before he knew it he was sound asleep, and did not wake until roused by the singing of the closing hymn.

Another very different type of saint is the Mormon, or "Latter Day Saint." The rank and file of the Mormons—or, to give them their full title, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints"—are usually very ignorant, and in general are looked down upon by outsiders, whom they term "Gentiles"; but they have certainly made the desert to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." Not long ago a Mormon pamphlet, entitled "Priesthood and Presidency," fell into the writer's hands, and it was stated therein that Joseph Smith, the son of the

founder, claimed that he was appointed by the Lord to be the leader of the church, and, strange as it may seem, this appointment was not absolute, but was "subject to the approval of the General Conference." A certain Congregational minister was one day bemoaning his fate, saying that for years he had been trying without success to get a wife, yet a Mormon he knew had six wives. The writer met this minister, and was much amused when a friend referred to him as "having *been* a clever man." A small branch of the Mormons, known as the Re-organised Church, is opposed to polygamy.

In closing, Mrs. Partington's views upon religious bodies may be of interest. This lady, it should be said, is a mythical personage—a sort of Mrs. Malaprop—and when asked by her son, Ike, what sect he should belong to, replied, "I don't mind which of the sexes you go to, so long as you go to one that dispenses with the Gospel."

G. S.

"Yesterday when it is Past."

By J. M. K.

"Yesterday—when it is Past."

A little Essex village,—I beg its pardon, town,—for it has a market-place, through which its one street runs. It is much as it was seventy years ago, when the old Doctor and his fifteen children lived in it. Progress and civilisation have not yet swallowed it up, though the railway has come, bringing with it a new interest to the sleepy inhabitants, and frightening the rooks away from their ancient reign in the old elm avenue leading to the church. Little rows of houses creep nearer and nearer each year from the seaside town, once four miles away, and enterprising excursionists walk over occasionally to see if they can find anything of interest, and return disappointed.

For me its charm lies in that now far-away past, when those merry fifteen children were young, and the lanes resounded with their laughter and mischief. Nine girls—

six boys! "A noble familie," to quote the epitaph of the old Duchess of Newcastle, "for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." The kindly father took his quiverful with great equanimity; the sterner mother meted out a wholesale discipline. "Boys," she said if she caught sight of idle hands, "hem a duster, if you have nothing else to do"; and one crying child in the nursery meant that every ear therein was boxed. For the rest, Providence took care of them, protecting them in their most venturesome games, keeping them safe even when they tried who could sit the longest between the legs of the horses rolling in the field.

I think perpetual quiet has settled down upon the place since they scattered East and West over the world. So, at least, it seemed to me to-day, as I walked down the familiar street in brilliant sunshine, such sunshine as we always had when we were young, and which, alas! comes so rarely now! And out of "the vasty halls" of the past I summoned ghosts to keep me company, the ghosts of those merry children, and it is hand-in-hand with them that I will wander through the few pages of this little sketch.

Come now, children, whose house is this? Why, the Doctor's surely! Do you not see the side-gate through which the brewer used to come to brew the beer in the early morning? Hush! Do you remember how he fled in terror that day when he saw a skeleton grinning at him over the edge of the vat, a cap upon its head? Didn't we get into trouble when the base use we had made of the anatomical specimen was discovered? But stop! We can get into the garden this way, and—yes, the French windows are still there, leading from the drawing-room to the lawn. Don't cry, little girl ghost. You are old now, and yet your heart is sore as you look at those big panes and remember how you were wrongfully accused of breaking one, and how, at the instigation of an elder sister, you were subjected by the authorities to the "trial by knife." It was a rough and ready injustice, for the knife, as it ceased its spinning, pointed at you, and punishment did not tarry.

Come ghosts, there is no one about: lead me by the hand and let us go inside. I hear you laugh—what is it? Ah! the memory of that day when the great Temperance lecturer came to advocate teetotalism.

then in its infancy. Here, in this room, he awaited the summons to dinner with your father, mother, and other invited guests. But you, naughty children, what are you doing outside? What is the meaning of that giggling and sniggering and running and scuffling? There is the bell at last; the drawing-room door opens, and the procession comes forth, headed by your courteous father. But—what meets the horrified gaze? A high wall on either side, like the waves of the Red Sea rolled back for the Israelites, but alas! alas! it is made of stone spirit jars, of empty wine bottles, beer bottles, and bottles of every description, collected with infinite care and trouble from all quarters. Oh, shame! The eagle glance of the grave mother goes up to the landing, bearing with it a presage of what shall be on the morrow, when you shall laugh no more.

Let us leave them to their dull dinner and come to that nice long attic, where nobody ever disturbs us. This is where the cats' party was, isn't it? How busy you were, to be sure, catching the neighbours' cats and making them secure in their baskets for the eventful moment, and didn't the room look nice with all its decorations and neat saucers of meat and milk by every box and basket!

Noon is the appointed hour for the feast. Listen! the hour is striking! Busy hands open the lids and—confusion worse confounded!—the air is thick with cats—cats spitting, cats swearing, cats clawing, cats fighting, cats upsetting saucers, cats rushing to the door, cats flying at the windows! Open, quick! End this caterwauling catastrophe! There!—not a cat left. Oh, what a blessing! Ungrateful beasts! never will you have such a chance again. The very memory of the unappreciated hospitality leaves me breathless and panting.

Little ghosts, you are growing up, some of you, and you go to school away in the big city of London, which you do not love. But you must take some of your pets with you, for you love all living things, even the ugly toad. Who will find out if you hide one under the tray of your work-box? Poor toad! It needs fresh air, and how will you manage that, little girl? Put it in your nice warm glove, of course, hidden safely away until you are out of doors, and then nobody will notice. So there you stand, waiting with the other girls in the hall for the governess. When—"What is that unearthly shriek? Elizabeth, stand out!"—and the miserable creature, who could not stand the

unwonted heat, is taken from you and restored to a better and more natural life, while you are left desolate.

So you solace yourself with earwigs. These, at least, may be undetected. How fat and tame they grow on the fruit you give them! Safe and snug in their little box, you take them with you to all your classes. To-day is your Scripture lesson, and you must be very attentive, for a celebrated and learned divine is expected. But oh! what evil spirit is abroad? Why must the bottom of the precious box fall out just as you enter the class-room, and why must silly girls fly screaming in all directions, trampling under foot the fine, sleek earwigs? Does no one remember—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small"?

Reprimanded and uncomforted you are, and school-life grows drearier than ever. But that was very naughty of you to pretend one evening that you were walking in your sleep and come down boldly while the mistresses were at supper, and take a cold fowl from the table, none daring to wake you!

What is it you whisper? That you were glad when school-days were over and you

and your sister went to stay with the good old maiden aunts in Somersetshire? I can believe it, for what a year you did have there! You won all hearts—that I know—even that of the village idiot who attached himself to you and marched before you whenever you went out, a postage-stamp stuck in the middle of his forehead! As to the young men, I fear you did some havoc there, and many were the love-letters that came into your hands, some threatening that bodies of disconsolate lovers would be found one morning in the quiet little stream that meandered through the garden! You were fancy free, both of you, but the letters amused you and you kept them. It was a problem, though, how to hide them safe from that keen maternal glance when you returned home, wasn't it? And at last you sewed them in the hem of your dress, and there they lay until the day when the poor beggar-woman came and asked for help, and you, with your warm impulsive heart, remembered the skirt and forgot its hidden treasure and gave it away, and then passed a year of anxiety lest the new owner might find and return the letters! But she never did.

Ah! you tell me so many things about

that visit that I cannot write them down. But, you naughty girls, how could you play your good aunts such a trick, just, too, when they had asked their prim Quaker friends to tea to meet their nieces? How could you have thought of telling the poor little parlourmaid—so devoted to you both!—all that nonsense about the newest fashions from town, and dress her up with feathers on her head, sandals on her feet, short skirts and bare arms, bidding her keep out of the way till all the guests had assembled and then prance in and deposit the tea-tray in the middle of the floor? How faithfully the poor girl carried out your instructions, scaring the old aunts "stiff," as the Americans would say, and making the guests ready to fly as from a lunatic! You let no punishment fall on the innocent victim,—you were far too just for that,—but I think it was long before your old aunts recovered from the shock.

Madcaps you were, all of you, overflowing with health and vitality. Chatter, chatter! How you talk! Do you think I can take it all in? What is that? Put the soap in the kettle at a picnic, did you? Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, bad boy! And what do I hear about the "wrong

Brown " ? Yes, I remember ! Your father wanted to surprise and please his dear eldest son, didn't he, and invited his great chum down from the Hospital. Brown was his name. He came, and none of you liked him and wondered how your brother could have chosen such a friend. Then John himself arrived, and, instead of rejoicing, asked how ever that cad came here, for it was the wrong Brown altogether ! But he was comfortable and he stayed on, in spite of broad hints and cold shoulders, until that lucky day when he accidentally found and recognised the little model you had made of him, accurate in every detail, and his wounded self-love prompted an early departure.

Nothing ever seemed to ail any of you. Even when grim Cholera stalked down one side of the long street, strangely killing off all the idiots in the workhouse on its march, you were well and merry, feasting on the fruit so lavishly sent to the Doctor's house, because all others feared to eat it. Your dear old Nurse, Ann Watts, had no anxiety about the health of her charges. Little ghosts, I share your memories of her, for I, too, knew the good old soul. I see her yet, watching me through her horn spectacles as I pored over the history of the Macca-

bees while the others romped round her little room, and I hear her words, "Lawk! how fond the child is of the old Apocryph!" She had come into her money then, and the attentions of the chapel people had wiled her away from Mother Church. "He do preach that beautiful," she said of her minister. "Boys," he says, "I oon't be so dennoyed; if you continue thus to dennoy me, I must finish before the enclosure." "And the text, Ann?" "The text? Why, it was, 'Part of the multitude flew away and part remained behind,' and when he came to the part where they flew away, his hands went up beautiful!" Difficult it certainly was to recognise the original—"Of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep." Dear old Ann! What an event it was for her when she went to London! Tell me again about it, you laughing ghost at my elbow. That 'bus ride when she seized the gentleman, who was getting out, by his coat-tails, with "Dunnee get out, dearie; dunnee get out; you can go iver so far for tuppence! Look at Janie and me!" And her visit to the hair-dresser to buy a "front," those odd pieces of false hair worn by our grandmothers. "What colour, Madam?" And Ann: "I'll

have a black un this time, because I had a yaller un last. What ? only 10s. ? Why, Mrs. James of Cotsford give £1 for hers ! " The demand for expensiveness satisfied, she turned to you, didn't she, saying in a loud aside, " A nice, civil boy, ain't he, dear ? "

Peace to your ashes, Ann ! You came to your grave indeed like a shock of ripe corn, for were you not ninety-eight years of age, with a third set of teeth beginning to come through ? Now you sleep near the master and mistress you so faithfully served, in the old churchyard. And by your side lies Rachel Wright, the non-committal cook, who never would identify herself with any view, and who was considered by the other servants as " a person of no conversation." " He ain't what you may call tall, but then he ain't short. He ain't stout, but he ain't what you may call thin." Such was the manner of her speech. She was never allowed to take a message, lest she should so modify it as to make it altogether unintelligible, but once a hurried call came for the Doctor, and Rachel was the only person near. " Please, sir," she reported to her master, " the man says you are wanted at once. He has ridden off again, but you are to be as quick as iver you can. He didn't

exactly say where it was, but it's two miles out and two miles in, and he says you'll know!" She loved her cat, didn't she? Do you remember, little one, when on a rare occasion you lay ill, how she seated herself on the steps of your room, silent for some time, and then uttered these words: "Miss Elizabeth, if you was to die, there'll be no one to care for the cat. And if nobody cares for the cat but me, I shall be wholly miserable. And so, Miss Elizabeth, I think the poor cat had better be killed if you was to die, because there'll be nobody but me, you know, to care for the poor thing if you was to die!"

Come, ghosts!—show me the way to the churchyard before we part. Whose big house is this standing empty in the Market-place? Oh, was that where your stately old aunt lived, with her clever, evil lawyer husband? Fore-doomed to evil ways he seems to have been, for was he not born in a place known as "the wicked hundred"? Well he justified the place of his birth. Always within the law, he battened on the trust money of others, running through one fortune after another, to die himself in an almshouse at last.

What did you tell me? That you saw a poor sea-captain knocking at this door from

sunrise to sunset, demanding his rightful property? But the door remained closed, for no love nor mercy dwelt within the evil heart of its owner.

Poor, lonely, handsome old lady! She it was whose housemaid became a Countess, wasn't it? She was a gentle, pretty girl who went to London, and, weeping over the loss of her lover as she sat on a seat in the Park, touched the heart and fancy of a young Lord who was passing by. He had her trained and educated to be his lawful mate, and well she filled her position for she was charitable and good.*

Come, children, let us follow the road to the church. I see its beautiful brick tower already, through the elms. What are you saying? I catch it; you are telling me of the old woman who used to walk this way at intervals, with a little packet in her hand. And you found out that it contained a tooth each time, to be laid in consecrated ground, that she might not rise toothless at the last day.

How beautiful this avenue is! Little ghosts, what a procession of you went down it each Sunday morning to sit in those square pews covered with green baize, which

* This is a fact.

I, too, remember. Here the little starved church mouse crept out and clung to your belt, little one. How still you sat that you might not disturb it, and with what joy you took it home and fed it with candle and tamed it and loved it, till your bad brother let the cat in one day and its little life was ended.

But who is this I see in the pulpit? You need not tell me, for I recognise him, though I saw him half a century later than you did, erect still, his hair untouched by grey. Of him I must speak another time; not now.

Little ghosts, gather round me once again before we part. Much there is you have yet to tell me, but the shadows lengthen, and I can write no more. You would tell me of wild smuggling days and suspicious presents to the beloved Doctor; of gruesome body-snatchers and guards set in the churchyard; of tales of Providence and weird ghost stories; of marriages, of deaths, of children growing up in your footsteps. Yes, those indeed were kin to you, who took their mother's favourite fowls and planted them with infinite trouble down the long garden-border, calling her when all was done, to see the new flowers, all of which were turning

their heads round in wonder at their new setting! You would tell me more of that mother, resolute and active at ninety, needing no spectacles herself and disapproving the weakness of her daughter of seventy, whose sight required aid. You would tell me more of the father, of whom you speak with such reverent affection.

Little ghosts, for to-day it is enough. You will come another time when I call you, though you are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and some of you are no longer to be found on this earth of ours. One sleeps within sound of the long Pacific breakers, another rests on Turkish soil, some lie in quiet country churchyards of their native land.

The yesterday is past! Once it was so near us as to seem part of to-day. The graves in the old churchyard were new and white. To-day I could not find them, for time had passed by and written upon them, and the moss had spread its soft green here and there.

The yesterday is past, and we mourn for it. But there is a vision yet to come—that of the mighty Angel of the Revelation, clothed with cloud and rainbow, one foot on the Earth and the other on the Ocean,

proclaiming that time shall be no longer. Then we may find our yesterdays again, not lost, but merged into one perfect eternal to-day, ours for ever.

J. M. K.

"My Good Friend Evangelist."

By J. M. K.

"My Good Friend Evangelist."

"Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it: it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books was in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head."

Such was he, this grave, earnest, evangelical embodiment of a type now gone; this man of simple creed and spotless life, whose single eye saw but two ways, one leading straight to heaven, the other to hell; whose child-like slumbers were unbroken by his unfaltering belief that the majority of the human race was hastening to perdition, because the creed of his heart was truer and stronger than that of his head. The world was indeed "behind his back," and he

spoke with horror of the early days he had spent under its evil charm, though the sins that weigh upon the conscience of good men seem very harmless to the rest of us, as Bunyan's tip-cat and Richard Baxter's "gluttonous eating of apples." The whiter the garments, the blacker show the spots. His evil deeds, good man, seem to have been confined to dances, with an occasional visit to a theatre, but he spoke with contrition of his unregenerate days, and was given up wholly, for the greater part of his life, to the service of God and man.

Let me recall him as I first saw him, when he was over seventy, tall, erect, his bristling black hair untouched by grey—and I, a girl of sixteen, still at school: but he was one of those who enter into the kingdom, a child to the very end, and we soon became comrades. He stood upon his doorstep to receive us, a strange, gaunt figure, and he welcomed us with: "So glad you have arrived in time for prayers, dear friends, for I am going to speak to the servants to-night on the wonders of God as seen in the electric telegraph."

We learnt to know his prayers well, for he had laid to heart the Apostolic injunction, "Pray without ceasing." His graces before and after meat were as long as other people's

prayers ; his intercessions and requests being mingled with his thanksgivings. But to know his power of prayer in its fulness, a thunderstorm was necessary. Then the household was summoned, the shutters closed, and, as long as the "voice of God" sounded in the heavens, *his* voice spoke in exhortation and prayer. The "Divine chariot of wrath" would roll away into some distant space, giving us hope that the moment of freedom had come, and then with an ominous rumble it would return and, with it, renewed vigour to supplication.

We have sat there from two to five on a Sunday afternoon, one member after another of the small congregation falling asleep, except those who were too young to know the sweetness of an afternoon nap. But his watchful eye never failed to detect the delinquents, and he would rouse them by a personal appeal to confirm some statement. Like an ancient prophet, "whether they would hear or whether they would forbear," still he spoke. On one occasion, at an evening party, he requested that he might conduct prayers before supper, and began a long dissertation on the Trinity, embodying many arguments in case any of those present should ever engage in controversy with

Unitarians. After he had spoken for half an hour, his hostess sent up a note begging him to be brief, as many of those present had far to go. But he held with Jeremy Taylor that no man's journey could be hindered by prayer. So the note and several subsequent ones were folded up and put in his pocket. At last he fell upon his knees, and then—small wonder! —the biggest and most godly man of the company shook the room with suppressed laughter, and had to retire overcome with shame and self-reproach. But he, devout soul, was too absorbed in his devotions to be aware of any disturbance, and continued with unabated earnestness to the close.

He lacked the saving grace of humour, but not so Catherine, his delightful wife: "Dear, sweet, precious, lovely, darling creature," as he used to address her. What a saint she was, how patient, how gentle! Once, wearied with making garments for the poor, late into the night, she fell asleep between meat and pudding, and he, unwilling to rouse her roughly, drummed on the table, singing—

"Happy they who trust in Jesus,
Happy, though despised and poor."

Catherine at last opened her eyes and,

grasping the situation, exclaimed, "Oh, Willie, why did you not tell me before? I thought it was prayers."

I never heard him preach, for he had given up his London charge when I knew him, though the flavour of it still lingered in the printed ending of his notepaper:

> "Trusting you will kindly excuse brevity and with the earnest hope that every blessing of the Tri-une Jehovah may rest upon you,
>
> "I remain,
>
> "Yours affectionately in Christ,
>
> "William Lighthouse Robertson, M.A.
> (Late Incumbent of Orchardleigh, Kent)."

Called once suddenly to preach at a large and fashionable suburban church, and having just become an ardent teetotaller, he electrified the respectable congregation by giving them the so-called "Drunkard's Alphabet," through which he ran at lightning speed: "A, Alcohol; B, Brandy; C, Cider; D, Drunkard"; and so on to Z.

In season and out of season was he, and, truth to tell, more often out than in! Had the words of Holy Writ been less truly graven on his heart, it would have been hard sometimes to forgive their frequency on his lips. Never was he without an appropriate text. Did the servant forget

the salt, he would ask, "What ought we to be, Mary, what ought we Christians to be?" And she, knowing well the answer, "The salt of the earth," would hurry away without a word to get the missing article. "Step by step," he would say, making his hurried way past the maid sweeping the stairs, "Step by step—so we tread the heavenly way." He was always in haste, for time was short and eternity long. If a chair was in the way, he would sooner jump over it than move it, and I remember a little shadow of impatience crossing his face when a friend stopped him to ask the meaning of the text, "He that believeth shall not make haste." And his unnecessary haste brought with it a tragic consequence at last, for he fell over poor Catherine's leg as she was saying her prayers, and broke it, so that she was laid by when his last illness came, and unable to minister to him.

His eyes were ever lifted up to heaven, and he would fain keep our thoughts on holy things. Should he see us inclined to gossip, a failing from which dear Catherine was not altogether free, he would straightway give us a subject, such as the Vine, the Shepherd, the Light, to keep us, as he expressed it, from "foolish talking." Then

from each of us he would demand a suitable passage. Or he would test our knowledge of hymns by quoting lines and coming suddenly to a stop. Did his friends not supply the lacking words, they remained for ever mutilated fragments. He was full of quaint little ways and of child-like simplicity. For him, every letter of the Bible was God-inspired, and he acted up to this conviction in his daily life. When in doubt what course of action to pursue, he would toss up a halfpenny, accompanied by a prayer, for "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." The pagan word "Sunday" might not be named in his house; it was of the "Lord's Day" we had to speak. Neither might we term any man "good," seeing "there is none good but One." "If the Lord will," was the formula we had to use, even in reference to fetching something from an adjoining room. His only son, who died as a young man, was so trained in the way his godly father wished him to go that, in a childish quarrel, he was heard to say to his little playmate, but with no thought of profanity, "If the Lord will, I will throw dust in your eyes."

His evangelical zeal knew no abating,

even when the weight of years rested heavily on him. His chief occupation when he could no longer preach was tract distributing, and his little joke was that he was the greatest "Tractarian" in England. Broadcast he flung his little winged messengers, and startling they were as regards colour—blue, red, magenta, violet, and orange. Two faithful servants were kept busy folding them into triangular form, that they might the more easily be thrown from his carriage windows, to which special baskets were fitted, while he sat with his back to the horses dealing them out as he drove. In the morning he would sow the seed, and in the evening he would not withhold his hand, and who can say whether this or that prospered, or whether both alike were good? In his walks, less frequent when I knew him, he carried a long blue bag of tracts, slung over his shoulder, from which he drew a constant supply for the passer-by. There was an odd story about that same blue bag: Long before his Catherine ever met him, she had her fortune told by a gipsy, who predicted that she would marry a man who carried a long blue bag. Much she wondered what manner of man her future husband could be, thinking that his profession must

be that of a lawyer, and it was only after her engagement that she became aware of the existence of the tract sack.

He made all his friends join in his good work, and would send them out with pockets well filled with tracts to be given away before their return. Nor did he ever fail to ask as to the manner of their distribution. Well do I remember how one of his visitors forgot his duty until nearly home, and then, seeing the door of a Roman Catholic chapel open, and finding it empty, darted in and strewed brilliant leaflets over its pews! His report was a cause for thanksgiving that the truth had been brought even into Satan's seat! Alas! most of the tracts were of his own composition, bearing such titles as "Poetical Advice to the Married," "Fifty Wants of the true Christian," "Thirty Leadings of the Holy Spirit," these also in rhyme. One was an especial favourite with him, entitled "Exaggeration, commonly called 'A White Lie,'" for the law of truth was almost painfully written upon his lips. It contained such passages as: "Many children grow up untruthful through hearing their parents say 'I never saw such a naughty child in my life,' when they well know they have seen many worse.

"Some people say: 'I am as cold as ice'; were such the case, existence would be impossible. Others declare, 'I would not do it for the world,' yet, were a sovereign offered them, they would willingly accept the terms." Other tracts were teetotal, full of such convincing arguments as: "Do you want to be as strong as a horse or an ox? They are teetotallers. I am sure St. Paul if on earth would have joined the great teetotal movement."

But not only was he a tract-writer; he was an author, too, and his little book, "The Converted Family" (or "C. F.," as he spoke of it in his characteristically hurried way), had great popularity in evangelical circles in its day. It told the story—very simply—of his own conversion and that of his two brothers, both of whom became Archdeacons in the Church. Dear old friend! He had his failings, one of which was a puerile pride of family, from which many of the excellent of the earth have not been exempt: "first cousin to Lady Jones, and 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" So he dwells a little unduly on his family descent, though a humble and devout spirit breathes otherwise from its every page. Many were the letters he received from all

parts of the world, thanking him for it, and as they were read to him he would invariably say, pointing upwards, "Glory be to God! all glory to God!" and then, pointing downwards, "Poor William Lighthouse Robertson down there, down in the dust!" And the utterance came from the bottom of his heart.

One of the last holidays he took was to Weston. It was an event in his quiet life, and many and long were the prayers for journeying mercies. A huge trunk was filled with tracts, he, good man, only anxious lest it should not contain sufficient for his six weeks' stay. (He never knew how some of us would rise early to clear away from the Parade the brilliant traces of his good work, lest his righteous soul should be vexed by seeing on what hard ground the seed had fallen!) At last the great day dawned, and, with three-quarters of an hour to spare, he stood at Bristol station. Never will the picture fade from my memory! Clad in a long coat and short overcoat, his hat on the back of his head, his long blue bag over his shoulder, he marched up and down the platform with hurried steps, stopping each time he reached the luggage to count it and to ejaculate, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! All tied up with red tape!

Thank God I'm a man of business!" And then, turning to a passer-by—"A tract, my dear friend, a tract!" Catherine watched him with an indulgent smile, asking, "What does my dear husband look like?" and that question found no answer.

But in spite of red tape and God-given business ability, a hat-box was missing on the following day, and only when the privacy of his study had been invaded did it come to light, reposing peacefully among tracts at the bottom of the blue bag, which looked none the larger for its worldly intruder!

Life was one perpetual Sabbath to him, but on the "Lord's Day" there was an added holy joy. He was glad when they said unto him, "Let us go into the house of the Lord," and was always ready half an hour too soon. "Catherine! Catherine!" he would call, and add in a sad undertone, "Dear, sweet, precious creature! Her one fault—want of punctuality—her one fault!" Indeed, she never did manage to arrive till five minutes before the service. He would start off alone and employ the spare time in filling all the Bibles, prayer-books and hymn-books in adjacent pews with his little tracts. I often think his idea of heaven must have been "Where congregations ne'er

break up and Sabbaths have no end," so dear to him was the day and its ordinances. "The best of books" was ever in his hand, and in its law did he meditate day and night.

My Good Friend Evangelist! I see him, as I last saw him, waving a long farewell to his little friend, tears dimming his kindly eyes, his voice growing fainter as the carriage sped on its way. We were to meet no more, and soon I heard that he had passed away to the land which to him was never far off. Dear Catherine, who quickly followed him, could not perform the last offices for him, but the loving hands of his devoted servants laid him in his coffin, dressed in the high stiff collar and spotless stock, without which he had never been seen.

And so I bid my dear old friend "farewell," and leave him awaiting the resurrection of the just. The memory of his innocent life, his unquestioning faith, his child-like mind will be fragrant till I die. I shall not look upon his like again. Other times bring other manners, other men. Perhaps it is better so. But this I know: "A crown of gold did hang over his head" when he walked among us, and surely now it rests on the brow of the faithful servant.

J. M. K.

Utinam Viveret.

By J. M. K.

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